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MONTHLY

GENEALOGICAL RECORDS OF STEWART-STUART FAMILIES

TOME J

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AESOP, an unusual man for his times, for he lived in Asia Minor and in Egypt and in Greece—and probably in Middle Europe—550 years prior to the birth of Jesus, and he suffered a similar fate for bucking the Established Order. He was accused of having purloined a sacred vessel from the temple of the god Apollo at Delphi on the slopes of Mount Parnassus in Phocis, Greece, where he had become domiciled with a group of monastics. For that alleged felony a pair of burly buddies took Brother AESOP to the brink of a tall cliff and tossed him to his death on the rocks below.

Nobody ever seemed to have tried to organize a church to promote AESOP's moral teachings through fables, or allegory bestowing the gift of speech and conversation on dumb animals and birds, sometimes to man's discredit, although Christian monks, knowing how to write, which AESOP apparently did not, were the gentlemen who, in the early centuries of the Christian era, collated, translated and wrote down the mass of anecdotes and wise-cracks which had been attributed to AESOP, believed by some to have been a sort of Joe Miller's JOKE-BOOK. Never-the-less, no one ever provided so much material to delight the minds of imaginative children everywhere, still fresh from the womb of Nature and unspoiled by flimsy explanations; nor to inspire poets, sculptors, orators, teachers and doting grandmothers than AESOP and his Greek disciples. Obviously, some of his admirers would attribute to him super-human powers such as a later generation transferred to Jesus, in the same general area. The ability to "arise from the dead" after his original life had been unfairly blotted out was attributed to AESOP by some believer in the story of the phoenix, part bird and part lizard, which, when it got tired of living as one generation, built itself a nice nest of sweet-smelling twigs and boughs, struck fire to the nest somehow, lay down on it—and burned himself to ashes. Soon a rejuvenated phoenix arose from the ashes, spread out his glossy wings, and flew away.



That was quite a simple way to keep track of his ancestry, and to head off a raft of squabbling descendants. Nature's old plan of reproduction to fill the void of endless space was by subdivision of the anatomy, as retained in cancer, and was tried out on the lowly earth-worm, which scarcely knows whether it is mama or papa, or each or both by

turn, an experimental creation without much complexity: when cut in two and covered with earth, both parts live, each as an earth-worm on its own. Hence "the common tradition," as Rev. Thomas James, M. A., of Theddingworth (Hants.), January, 1848, wrote in the introduction to his translation of *AESOP'S FABLES, with more than 100 illustrations designed by John Tenniel*, published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York, "that he appeared alive again and fought at Thermopylae." The battle of Thermopylae, a mountain pass in Greece, was fought in 480 B. C. between a meager army of Spartan defenders under Leonidas and a Persian horde led by Xerxes, coming to punish the Athenians for their presumptuousness. An account of the contest said that the Greek defenders "died to a man." So, if AEsop was there helping the Greeks, he took a second killing, which is more than most mortals can stand. The contriver of that canard was mixed in his mind between the quality of sleep, from which a person may get up and go about his business, and death, which leaves his body to rot. The type of person who starts such gossip is usually a drop-out from grade-school, trying to compensate for his inadequacy.*

The historian writes of AEsop: "In the days of Croesus, king of Lydia, when Amasis was pharaoh of Egypt, and Peisistratus lorded it over the Athenians—between 500 and 600 years before the Christian era—lived AEsop, no inept representative of the great social and intellectual movement of the age which he adorned."

There was no effort to explain his origin, except to imply that he was a Phrygian. Phrygia was "an ancient region of central Asia Minor, now [1954] in central Turkey. The Phrygians apparently came here from Europe about 1200 B. C. Little is known of their history. After 700 B. C. Lydia dominated the area." "Born a slave," Prof. James wrote in his introduction and then went on with the verbosity which usually passes for erudition, without telling us where he got that information. "AEsop came to the court of Croesus from his old [meaning *former*] master Jadmon [the capital J is our idea] a free man." More persiflage, then: "He was sent [to Delphi] as a commissioner by Croesus to distribute some payment due to the Delphians." There he perished. "About 200 years after his death a statue of AEsop, the workmanship of Lysippus, was

* In my long experience as a newspaper reporter and editorialist plugging for the Truth wherever it can be found, stemming from the realization one day in early childhood that my mother, whom I looked up to as the embodiment of worldly wisdom and spiritual integrity, had coolly lied to me about the existence and philanthropy of Santa Claus, and cast in doubt the whole structure of learning, I have interviewed all sorts of people. Whenever I came to one who puffed up like a turkey cock and began to strut his stuff I backed away. It wasn't the thing to do, perhaps. But my readers believed in me, and should I sell them a gold-brick?

erected at Athens and was placed in front of the statues of the Seven Sages," and "The conscience-stricken Delphians, many years afterward, proclaimed their readiness to give compensation for his death to anyone who could prove title to the self-imposed fine. No other claimant appearing, it was awarded at length to Jadmon, the grandson of Jadmon of Hephaestopolis, AEsop's old master." That would mean, supposedly, that the famous story-teller and diplomat left no descendants, and presumably he never married. His stories were remarkably free from sexish innuendo, thus reflecting, perhaps, some childhood difficulty.

The nordic peoples who dwelt around the Baltic sea, where Boreas (the north wind personified) cuts like a two-edged sword, had to wear clothing from head-to-foot or suffer injury: hence they developed a sense of modesty which rendered their minds subject to traumatic shock. They adhered rather closely to Nature's rules, as do the wild creatures whom AEsop seemed to live with; and they cherished children. As population outgrew the means of subsistence the younger and abler men went away in ships, and the girls—now this is partly historical and partly inherited subliminal perception—either became spinsters or were caravanned to a southern market and traded for oriental fabrics. That may have been the story of the golden-haired Sarah, the wife or concubine of Abraham, the wandering Hebrew, therewith giving a fillip to his issue. Besides the sea-way there was an overland trail from the forests of Germany—where Caius Julius Caesar's armies melted away like the mists—leading eastward down the winding Danube river valley, past Vienna, to the Black sea, making accessible the port city of Odessos, or Ordyssos [now Odessa], colonized anciently by Greeks. From the Black sea a wayfarer may safely reach its outlet into the waters of the Mediterranean (*Between worlds*) sea. Because vagabonds came to Greece, which lay on both sides of that narrow water-way, through the Black sea from both east and west, antiquarians have fancied, because movements have been, almost invariably, from east to west, that *all* migrants came from the orient. Family histories became distorted because it was up to a child's mother, or to a maid-servant of similar caliber, to amuse an infant by telling it stories, even before words alone were picturesque; and since most settlements abroad were established by gangs of marauding males who overwhelmed the native males and took over the females, as bulls do, the mother was often of a different culture, often inferior, and likely to alter the scheme of heredity by downgrading, unconsciously, her lord-and-master's philosophy. That plays hell with a youngster's mental and emotional equanimity, and sets his head to buzzing with escapist drollery.

The biographer spoke of AEsop's "fellow-servant, 'Rhodopis, the

Fair', the celebrity of whose beauty and wealth at such a time tells us in a word how she had abused the one and acquired the other." That is Greek to us, and no other author has mentioned Rhodopis.

The scope of our work has been to counter balance, through observations thought to be realistic, the proposition that our ancestors, unless we be mongrels (as your lecturer untowardly is and hence should speak with authority), were indigenous to the Asia Minor complex: but from the most primitive times they had branched away from the prototype.

ONE LITTLE MAN CAN'T REMOLD THE WORLD

"I agree with your daughter [pages 65-66]—more on the Stewart-Stuart information, less on beside-the-point issues," cautioned a lady in Tampa, Fla., in renewing her subscription to the *Stewart Clan Magazine* on New Year's eve. The point is well taken. I see now that my ordinary ability to work had been thwarted by too much attention to television news-casts and too keen a revulsion of feeling at viewing white girls putting their bodies willfully in front of negroes. To anyone who has tended bovines and watched competing bulls fight desperately—and one lose out in disgrace—it is apparent that a deterrent to his intervention in an unrighteous or outrageous situation, involving as it does the "sanctity of marriage", can be blighting to the spirit—and the spirit rules the body!

HE CAN'T EVEN OUTBUCK AN AUTOMOBILE

WHEN walking eastward across Kansas avenue at Loula street in Olathe on Saturday forenoon, December 13, I was struck by an automobile driven by a woman from Edgerton who was in a hell of a rush to get somewhere. She came out of a drive-way full tilt into a stream of mid-day traffic: I remember seeing her car coming, and I supposed that she saw me. I stepped back and put out an arm to shield myself from the impact. Things faded out.

Onlookers say that I was knocked high into the air, came tumbling head-first to the pavement, was run over and backed over to disengage me. I was a bloody mess, unconscious, with cracked bones, mashed flesh and torn and dirty clothing; and the dear, frightened woman, and many of the witnesses, thought I was dead when an ambulance hustled me away.

But I wasn't dead, and I didn't intend to be, although I am now 86 years old. My work is not finished. I am explaining, with profound apologies to you, my trusting readers and friends, why I have seemingly neglected you and your intriguing problems. I am still woozy and wobbly, but my heart is with you, and gradually, through the grace of Providence and the good wishes of many friends, I shall regain my physical strength. Belatedly, here's wishing you a happy new year!



Arthur Stewart

ARTHUR is not a common name among the Stewards-Stewarts, but seems rather to have originated, many centuries ago, among the Kimri, identified as Welsh. The earliest occurrence of the name *Arthur* in poetry or romance was about the year 520, some three hundred years before King Alfred the Great of England devised English writing. So nothing was ever written about King Arthur until he had been dead, but not forgotten, through many generations.

The digraph *th*, which occurs in the name *Arthur*, [and, by the way, in the name *Thomas*, where it gets lost] seems to have evolved from a way of lisping the final letter *d*. The importance of the 'language barrier' in determining kinship is exemplified in the biblical story of the Ephraimites, in Judges, 12: 4-6, whose mothers never taught them how to enunciate the digraph *sh*, so they uttered the war-cry *shibboleth*! as if it were *sibboleth*—and it cost many of them their lives, because their attackers, the Hebrews under Jephthah, were fluent with the *sh* sibilant. Too bad! The Ephraimite women couldn't say 'Hush' or just 'Shshsh!' to a child who was saying something which he oughtn't to say. The repression of 'free speech' leads to murder.



You wouldn't believe it, but "English as she is spoke" has been hideously changed by the invention of movable printing-type, compulsory schooling, the compilation of dictionaries, public election of office-holders, the introduction of newspapers, the theater, fast mail-service, the steam-engine, gun-powder, etc., since King Alfred wrote: "Oðthere sæde his hlaforde, Aelfrede kynge, thaet he ealra North-manna north mest hude. He ewaeth that he bude on thaem lande northeweardum with tha west sae. He saede theah thaet thaet land sy swythe north thanon; ac hit is eall west buton on feawum stowum sticce maelum wiciath

**th* is foreign to German thought, in spite of our presumption that we Americans speak and write an Anglo [*Angle* for *Engle* in *English*—*ish*='somewhat,' 'partaking of'—which we pronounce *English*]-Saxon language. At a base-ball game between the Filley, Nebraska, nine, for whom I was score-keeper, and the Hanover "Tigers," made up of second-generation boys in the German settlement northwest of Filley, in the early 1920's when the rancors caused by the anti-German hullabaloo of the news media thumping for "Kill the Huns!" in Wilson's war (1917-18) were being smoothed over to get Christianity to going again, one of the Hanover players observed a Filley runner getting set to steal home from third base, and he yelled to the pitcher, "T'row to t'ird! T'row it to t'ird!" Some folks snickered.

Finnas, on huntathe on wintra, and on sumera on fiscothe be there sae. He saede thaet he aet sumum cyrre wolde fandiam hu lange thaet land north right laege." Translated into Noah Webster's English it says that "Oðthere told [*said*] his lord, king Alfred, that he lived north most of all the north men. He quoth that he dwelt in the [*them*] land northward, opposite [with] the west sea." etc. Language, like a cloak, is a superficial attainment, like AEsop's "Jack-ass in a Lion's Skin." In genealogy, a fixation on the spelling of a surname may be a stumbling-block.

Probably the earliest instance of an Arthur Stewart—and he was the most likely ancestor of the Arthur⁴ Stewart of West Pennsboro township, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, =C: 215, whom we are now discussing—was Arthur⁹ [the generation number is different], son of Walter⁸ and grandson of Murdock,⁷ duke of Albany, =C: 26. You will recall that Murdock⁷ Stewart, while regent, so angered the king of Scotland, James I, that the king, his cousin, had him and two of his sons—Walter⁸ and Alexander⁸ Stewart—condemned for treason and beheaded at Stirling castle in 1425. However, another son of Murdock,⁷ named James, was excused from the royal wrath. After disturbing the peace at the town of Dumbarton and killing old Sir John⁶ Stewart, the red-bearded governor of the castle, the king's uncle, Sir James—he had been knighted by King James I—took his gang of Albany highlanders across the water into Ireland. There they made a settlement; and Sir James married a daughter of the the ruling MacDonnell clan in County Antrim, a Highland Scottish band which had dispossessed the easy-going O'Neills. Among this couple's children were Andrew, who was raised to the dignity of Lord Evandale and became the forebear of a prominent family in County Tyrone, Ireland, and of numerous emigrants to the American colonies; and Arthur.⁹ Arthur⁹ Stewart was born about 1433 and was knighted by King James III and given an estate in Scotland.

Walter⁸ Stewart, ill-fated son of Lord Murdock,⁷ duke of Albany, had a son named Arthur, who would have been a grandson of Duncan, earl of Lennox. Walter was arrested May 13, 1424, in Edinburgh on King James's order, and confined in the prison on Bass rock at the entrance to the firth of Forth for over a year, and then was beheaded on May 18, 1425, with his brother Alexander and their father, the duke. It is not narrated where the boy Arthur was in those trying days, to identify him from his cousin Arthur, the son of James. Some investigators have thought that it was Arthur [rather than Andrew] who fathered the line of the Stewarts of Castle-Stewart in Ireland, =B: 45, but that is wrong. However, Arthur was taken care of, we are sure, and his household strung along into Ireland with that of the "good Lord Ochiltree," =C: 99. The Scottish people,

although tough fighters and strong-willed, are fair-minded. Many folks thought that King James I, granting that he had suffered indignities by his prolonged detention as a hostage by the English, and his bartered marriage to an Englishwoman, acted vindictively in his treatment of the Murdock Stewart family, "his own flesh and blood." Although they loved Jamie for his many good qualities, and they remembered affectionately what his great-grandfather, Robert Bruce, had done to achieve the independence of Scotland as a nation, they couldn't help feeling, somehow, that he reaped what he had sown when a number of conspirators burst into his bed-chamber and daggered him to death, Feb. 20, 1437, =C: 14.

Anxious to compensate for whatever injustice their predecessor may have done, deservedly or not, to the Albany faction, and to make things right with the Highlanders and thus unite the nation against the scheming of the English court, the successors to King James I went out of their way, at times, to be good to the scions of the once-unlucky trouble-makers. Arthur,⁹ Robert⁹ and Alexander⁹ Stewart, sons of James⁸ (who had established a colony in Ireland) and grandsons of Murdock,⁷ went to Scotland about 1450 at the invitation of King James II. The king made knights of them, and they were settled on estates in Scotland. The dates are tentative, and genealogists have quibbled over different personalities. The public records were written in Latin, using cryptic symbols and abbreviations: generations are elided, time ignored. The other Arthur⁹ Stewart, the son of Walter⁸ (who got the ax in 1425 on a hill near Stirling castle), has been named, in one quarter, as a son of Walter,⁸ but was overshadowed by the prominence of his uncle James's family, ignominy of his father's attainder, his own helplessness and a lack of influence by his mother's people. A church record shows that a dispensation was granted by Pope Martin V at Rome in 1421 for the marriage of Walter Stewart of Lennox and Joneta, daughter of Sir Robert Erskine. "Walter was of a large stature, a comely aspect, great eloquence; and for these, and his other parts, universally beloved," wrote Prof. Duncan Stewart in his genealogical account of THE ROYAL FAMILY OF SCOTLAND, 1739. Walter's⁸ mother was Isabel, eldest daughter and heiress of Duncan, earl of Lennox.

To be continued

NOTES ABOUT PEOPLE, PLACES AND EVENTS

Miss Marjorie Stewart Eastwick of Lively, Virginia, a descendant of Robert Stewart and his wife, Margaret Warner, of Philadelphia, Pa., =D: 294, recently contacted again her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Heys-ham, jr., 350 Montgomery avenue, Norristown, Pa., and is in line for some newly-developed information on Capt. Robert Stewart's family

connections. Mr. Heysham is a descendant of Ann Stewart, daughter of Charles⁶ (*Robert*⁵) and his first wife, Hulda McCrae, =D: 295. "They are delightful," Miss Eastwick says; "and they plan to come to Virginia this summer with their records."

Mrs. Mozell McKendrick, route 2, box 716, Tempe, Ariz., 85281, wrote: "My husband and I both have a very sad Christmas this season: both of us lost our darling mothers in death only six months apart." Mrs. McKendrick's Stewart ancestor was David of Upson county, Georgia, =F: 192, through his daughter Charity, wife of John W. Edgar.

"Last March 14 I was standing outside my kitchen door when a strange feeling came over me; everything turned black, and the next thing I knew I was sitting on the concrete slab with broken bones that sent me to the hospital for six or more weeks and a senile mind that is beginning to clear up a bit." So wrote on Sep. 15, '69, Mrs. Lottie Wright Davis of Louisiana, Mo., in renewing her subscription. Mrs. Davis reached her 85th birthday on Dec. 17. She is descended from Nathaniel & Millicent (Sledd) Stewart of Bedford county, Va., =I: 228, H: 268.

Col. William E. Stewart of New Kensington, Pa., is a traveling salesman out of Pittsburgh, nearby, and a friend of George Swetnam, feature-writer on the *Pittsburgh Press's* Sunday supplement, *Family Magazine*. In his perambulations Col. Stewart buys up all the 'junk' souvenir postcards and such stuff which he can find in second-hand stores or anywhere. Not long ago he came into possession of papers of the Mix family of Mix Run, in Cameron county, Pennsylvania, where Tom Mix, the great movie actor-cowboy of the 1930's, was born on Jan. 6, 1880; and Editor Swetnam wrote a cracking-good story of it all. He showed how Tom was naturally a make-believe boy and told admirers that "I was born in Texas, yes sah! My father was Irish; and my mother was half-Indian." The fellow wasn't deliberately lying, as some of us gumps are when we claim to be descended from Mary Stuart, queen of Scots: he was a very clever actor, and he cashed in on it



In Appreciation

BOTH as the impersonal projector of this little gold-mine of ancestral nuggets and as a person working his way through life, I hereby express my thanks to you many good-hearted men and women from coast to coast who sent me messages of cheer and tangible support during my winter's disablement. I wish I had time to write to each of you, for I dwelt with happiness on every kindly sentiment expressed. I must, however, conserve my time and strength to go on with my appointed work.

*Arthur Stewart**Continued from page 87*

“**I**T CAME with a lass: it will go with a lass.” These were the dying words of the youthful king, James V of Scotland, on the fateful day of the battle at Solway-moss, near the English border, Dec. 13, 1542. He meant that the Stewarts came to the throne through Marjorie Bruce, who married Walter, the sixth high steward of Scotland, = C: 1; and, since he was now to die without leaving a surviving male child, the crown would pass to a daughter, and out of the Stewart name upon her marriage. A courier from Edinburgh had just arrived with the news that his wife, Queen Marie (a French woman), had given birth to a daughter on Dec. 8, 1542, at Linlithgow palace. That child would become the mixed-up Mary, queen of Scots, destined to have her head chopped off to please her old-maid cousin, Elizabeth, queen of the English. King James V had set his mind on having a son vigorous enough to hold on to the sceptre.* How did he happen to name a son *Arthur*?

The battle, sometimes called the “panic” of Solway-moss, fought in 1542, was indecisive. At that period the “Reformation” was building up, and King Henry VIII, who was King James’s uncle, was playing a smart game of hide-and-seek with the Catholics as a staunch “defender of the faith” and the discontented Protestants, to decide which way to steer to get on the gravy-train. Scottish society, which had been painstakingly welded into a nationality out of Norwegians, Danes, Angles, Sassenachs [Saxons] Normans and a scattering of Picts [‘painted people’] and Scots [‘wanderers’] from Ireland in Roman times, was breaking up from the impact of the Renaissance, a revival of literary intercommunication.

At that ‘battle’ of Solway-moss in 1542, which had been arranged by King James to harass his busy-body Uncle Harry [Henry VIII], the commanders began to wrangle, one with another, and to belly-ache about the whole business. Because their king was resolute in his wish to keep



* King James V did have two legitimate sons—James and Arthur—by Mary of Guise, his second wife, but they were weaklings and couldn’t make the grade. The child James was born at St. Andrew’s in 1539; and Arthur was born at Stirling castle about 1541. These lads died in 1542 on about the same day, James at St. Andrew’s, and Arthur at Stirling. That calamity “was the greatest affliction to the father,” wrote Duncan Stewart in his history (1739), “who had been troubled with melancholy dreams after he had put Sir James Hamilton to death.”

on good terms with the church and not disrupt the flow of progress in manufacturing, commerce and the arts, and some of the nobles had yielded to King Henry's sly suggestion that they boot out the monks, plunder the monasteries in Scotland, divert to the national treasury the rents and revenues which were being syphoned off to Rome, and divide up the church-lands among the nobles. Consequently, on the eve of battle, the leaders balked, to the utter consternation of poor Jamie, who roundly denounced them as yellow-bellied cowards, with no respect for country or for king! The English commander, detecting the signal, ordered an advance—and the rout began! The only thing Jamie could do was to ride like hell with his aides. At length his tired horse stumbled on the stony ground and Jamie was thrown so hard that his body was badly maimed. His attendants stopped and picked him up and took him to a farm-house near Carlavertock, "about twelve miles to the west from the marches" [border] (or "the marshes") and rode on and left him.

The peasant into whose cottage the injured man had been taken without identification or explanation noted his peculiar garb and asked him, "Who are you, sire?" James answered gloomily, "Until this morning I was your king." Whereupon the countryman, thinking he would get a reward and some honor, drew his dirk and stabbed the poor wretch to death.* "This king died about the 13th of December, 1542, having lived thirty years and eight months," Duncan Stewart reported. "His body was transported from Faulkland to the chapel of the palace of Holyrood-house, where it was deposited beside the body of his first queen."

King James Stewart V needn't have worried himself to death over his lack of posterity to carry on after the untimely death of his two sons James and Arthur, for, if he had only foreseen it, he was to have a grandson named James Stewart who would be crowned king of Scotland and eventually proceed to London and take over the throne once occupied by King Henry VIII of England. James V also had enough other male children to go around, for women are prone to mate with the "best blood," but they were not legally his heirs. The more notable ones were James Stewart, born about 1532, who was created earl of Murray and regent for his young half-sister Mary, whom he and his sharp-tongued

*I came across this bizarre story some 35 years ago in the public library in Beatrice, Nebraska, while prowling around for some abstruse material which might cast a side-light on the generally-known literature covering the Stewarts. Down in the basement, stacked along the wall, was a motley array of books which had been weeded out of the book-cases of one of the older families of the city and donated to the library, which had no room, nor inclination, for them on the shelves upstairs. My weather-eye spotted this quaint book, published, as I recall now, in Cincinnati, Ohio, some time in the 1840's. It was unique, and I wish now that I had swiped it.

mother made miserable; Robert, who was given the job of prior of Holyrood-house to keep him out of mischief and called earl of Orkney; John, prior of Coldingham, who became the father of Francis Stewart, earl of Bothwell; James, abbot of Kelso and Melrose, who left no issue; Adam, prior of the Chartereux at Perth; and Robert, abbot of Whithorn, who died childless. When James VI became also king of England in 1603 on the death of Queen Elizabeth he immediately began to effectuate his plan for the relief of his overcrowded countrymen by planting them on lands in the northern part of Ireland which had been devastated and practically depopulated by the armies of Elizabeth in her hatred of her half-sister, the "Bloody" Queen Mary, and Catholics in general. Consequently, the "Great Plantation" of Ulster by Lowlander [Protestant] Scotch families and some English to lend it color was set in motion by 1608. Scotchmen in medium circumstances sold their small estates to bigger landlords and got grants of land in the several 'escheated' counties in northern Ireland, particularly in Down, Tyrone, Londonderry and Donegal, and moved their families. There seems to have been an inordinate number of persons named Stewart in that historic transition, and one may suspect that somebody had a pull. James had a warm heart, and a long head.

The James river in Virginia, and the English settlement at Jamestown in 1607, attested to that king's foresightedness and zeal, damn him as much as they like!

As you may have observed, the institution of marriage was devised for the benefit of progeny, and this perhaps was the fountain of law and school. In the animal kingdom the males fight it out, and the unfit flees or perishes. But with mankind, who had, by the fortuitousness of some beneficent power—in the Anglo-Saxon tongue *god*, which meant both *good* and *god* but with distinctive vowel sounds, or umlauts, impossible, almost, for anybody who did not imbibe it with his mother's milk to pronounce unfailingly—become humane, child-birth is a sacred thing. It represents the continuity and exaltation of all that was gained in strength and strategy by countless generations. A license for a couple to copulate became the prerogative of the king, or leading men, with the idea of preserving a standard of excellence. The husbandman who has thoroughbred cows, which are expensive, is on the same track when he keeps his fences tight against scrub bulls who seek to pollute the strain of goodness. If an ill-bred bull, one which would never be considered for registration in an association of thoroughbred cattle-breeders, should come on to his premises with intent to commingle his backward genes with those of the stockman's prize cows, to achieve "equality" of some kind, and threatened to gore the man to death when the alarmed man tried to drive him

away, the law [which the octoroon Adam Clayton Powell sneeringly referred to as "the white man's law," not obligatory on a black man] would exonerate him if he got his shot-gun and gave the brute the works.

To be continued

NOTES ABOUT PEOPLE, PLACES AND EVENTS

Miss Anna Griffin of Snow Camp, N. C., who is a descendant of the mysterious 'orphan,' Alexander Stewart [or Stuart] who was brought before the court of Chester county, Pa., in 1697 and "bound out" among Quakers, =C: 71. B: 114, wrote to us last July: "Do you know of the death of Mrs. W. P. Stuart of Phoenix, Ariz.? We heard she passed away in January, 1969, as a result of the beating which she received when thieves entered her home in November of that year. . . Her late husband, W. P. Stuart, was my cousin."

Mrs. James Ross (Elizabeth C.) Stewart, 19201 Shaker boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio, who is a member of the governing body of the Western Reserve Historical society of that city and donated a set of the *Stewart Clan Magazine* to its library, mentioned that their director, Meredith B. Colket, was on the program for some lectures at the world conference held in Salt Lake City last summer.

Mrs. Aubrey E. Ferguson, who edits and publishes the *Ritchie Gazette* at Harrisville, West Virginia, was chosen regent of her D. A. R. chapter on May 3, 1969. Her Stewart ancestor was James, Pennsylvania.



"While in Dublin I spent a little time in the deeds office and turned up an Andrew Stewart in the townland of Derryaghy who sold property to William Stewart in [meaning 'living in'] Belfast in the 1760's," reports Reid W. Stewart of Lower Burrell, Pa., a descendant of the Stewarts in Lycoming county, Pa., =D: 237. Derryaghy lay between Belfast and Lisburn, which we believe was the region where Andrew Stewart of Ochiltree, Scotland, took up his abode, =J: 86. "Andrew also referred to a woman, Isabel Stewart. Tradition among the Stewarts of Somerset county, Pa., is that William came from Belfast with a sister."

The "Gathering of Scottish Clans and Highland Games" at MacRae meadows, on the slope of Grandfather mountain, near Linville, Avery county, North Carolina, will be held this year on July 11 and 12, for the fifteenth year. The cost of admission will be \$2.50; or \$4 for both days: children over six years of age and under 12, half-rate. Visitors to the highland games will pay one dollar; kids, 50¢. There are good inns and motels in nearby communities. If you'd like to take it in inquire of Mrs. Agnes McRae Morton, Linville, N. C., 28646.

*Arthur Stewart**Continued from page 92*

MOST of the Scotch settlers in Pennsylvania didn't come from Scotland, but from Ireland. The emigrants from Scotland after the "uprising of 1715" in which the "old" pretender to the kingship of England and Scotland, James Stuart, got a stiff setback by the adherents of King George I at the battle of Sheriffmuir in Perthshire, that year, generally preferred to go to Canada, where the English flag would make them feel safe from head-cracking.

However, it was a different story with the Scotch-Irish, after long residence in northern Ireland, turning it into a productive, civilized homeland, their bitter hostility toward the indigenous people because of their sneaky attacks—comparable, largely, to the surreptitious habits of the American Indian, who won a 'feather in his cap' for every treacherous stunt that he pulled off—and the callousness of their English overlords, sporting around in swank social circles and importing their agents in Ireland to send them bigger chunks of the cotters' cash while showing no concern for their hides.* So when the Penn brothers, John and Richard, fearful of a revocation of their father's charter in the bickerings and back-biting always going on at the king's court in London; worried over a fight with Capt. Cresap's Marylanders in a dispute about the boundary line; and shame because their father, the quiet Quaker, William, had been hoodwinked by the Indians, who accepted his bargain but reneged on the delivery, sent agents over to Protestant Ireland to promise good farming-land in Pennsylvania and Delaware to all who would come.



The English landlords became alarmed at the prospect of losing their good Scotch tenants in Ulster province, and they induced the government to impose stiff fines on masters of ships sailing from Irish ports, such as Belfast and Londonderry, who accepted passengers to Pennsylvania or to any other place in North America. This restrictive legislation, in

* You can readily see, from the experiences and resentments of the Scotch farmers of North Ireland in the early 1700's, where the writers, including Thomas Jefferson, of the American declaration of independence in 1776 got most of their ammunition. Scotch Presbyterian preachers, riding their circuits from Maine to Georgia, spent more time visiting the neighbors, who fed and sheltered them, and talking politics with informed local residents than they spent praising the Lord. It was an extension of the clan spirit, "One for all, and all for one!"

turn, so alarmed and angered those who had hoped some day to go to America they made up their minds to go *now*! And the ship-owners, who began to lose money with idle ships, worked hand and glove with the malcontent Scotch-Irish by taking on cargo ahead of any announced date of departure, tipping off expectant emigrants, and quietly weighing anchor in the dead of night—ahoy for New Castle on Delaware bay! Because of unwonted haste, the need of secrecy, and a whit of skulduddery* to throw snoopers off the track, there wasn't much information being given out. That's why we latter-day 'snoopers' have such a hard time laying our finger on the place where Arthur Stewart, or any other Scotch-Irish family which arrived in the middle colonies—Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland—during the reigns of the three Kings George, came from.

During those hectic times a man named John Stewatt, identifying himself as the owner of a ship which he bought in 1735 at Marcus Hook in Chester county, Pennsylvania, wrote a letter dated Dublin, May 3, 1736, to "Sr. Penn, Knight Proprietor of Pennsilvania, now in London." The letter was received and marked "Letter from an Irish captain about ships being stop'd going to Pensilva." Capt. Stewart's beef was that the Irish parliament had passed a bill making it almost prohibitive for a ship-master to transport anybody to America, that ten ships were lying idle in the harbor of Belfast, families with no house to sleep in were waiting to go aboard a ship, any ship-master who let anybody board his ship was immediatly arrested and "thrown into a loathsome jail"; and Capt. Stewart wanted Sir Penn to intercede with the commissioners in Dublin, and for them to reach the ears of King George II. How fatuous!

About that time, 1^{mo}, 1732-3 [Mar. 17, 1733], a petition addressed to the board of property of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia recounted that "Thomas Steward and Thomas Wakefield desires settlem'ts on the west side Susq'a river they propose 40 familys." Prior to 1750 the land west of the Susquehanna river was in Lancaster county, set off from Chester county in 1729 and "purchased" from the Indians and claimed by Maryland, Connecticut (part) and the wild wolves. Thomas Steward's share in the land, if he ever got a warrant for one, is not recorded. Arthur Stewart was issued a warrant dated Feb. 18, 1744, to take up 200 acres, and he settled on Yellow Breeches creek in [now] Cumberland county and died in young manhood in 1750, = C: 215.

*I wanted to say *skulduggery*, as I had occasionally heard this Scottish word pronounced, in the sense of an underhanded trick, but I looked in Vizetelly's PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY, published by Funk & Wagnalls, and I noted that it must be *skulduddery*. My grandfather chewed tobacco, and the juice ran down his whiskers, and maybe he gurgled once in a while.

A Stewart family record which may pertain to this Cumberland county group, because of a noticeable co-incidence of names and probable dates and places, was copied by Rev. Samuel Stone of Culdaff glebe, County Down, writing in 1789, from the fly-leaf of a pocket-size bible which had belonged to his uncle, Arthur Stewart, in the hand-writing of Arthur's elder sister, Frances Stewart, who died, an old maid, in 1760 at Comber, County Down, a few miles from Belfast. Arthur Stewart's parents were Alexander Stewart and wife Margaret Stewart, daughter of Alexander Stewart* of Ballylan [or Ballylawn] in County Donegal. We find in THE CIVIL SURVEY, taken in 1654-55-56 for the counties of Donegal, London-Derry and Tyrone, and published in book-form in 1937, volume III, page 29, "Archibald Thomson claimeth five Balliboes [land-measure] of ye Qr. of Ballibegley beg wch was mortgag'd to him by Alexr. Stewart of Ballilan for the summe of fifty pounds ster. paid to him by Archibald Thomson." Would you disbelieve that from these Scots in Ireland, in financial distress and afflicted by the Jacobite—I don't like that silly word to designate *James Stuart*—muss, such as the harrowing siege of Londonderry in 1689, came the Stewart families who located in townships named Donegal, Tytone, Londonderry, Mountjoy, and the like, in Pennsylvania?

The record of the births of the children of Alexander and Margaret (Stewart) Stewart 'of Ballilan', County Donegal, is:

Frances, June 23, 1688

William, June 3, 1690

Margaret, July 2, 1692

Alexander, Dec. 4, 1693

Arthur, Jan. 7, 1695

John, Aug. 3, 1698

Thomas, Feb. 8, 1700

Henry, Mar. 3, 1703

Francis 1706



The father of Alexander appears to have been William Stewart, whose name appeared in the same place. "The sd Wm. Stewart holdeth ye premisses by Inheritance from his father & Grandfather (being pt of ye proporcion of Ballibegh wch they had by Patent to themselves & their heires forevr." Samuel Stone, who was looking up the 'dope' for Robert Stewart, who had used a slug of cash, brought back from India by an uncle, to get a title as Lord Londonderry and needed a good pedigree and a coat-of-arms for registry in the king-of-arms' office in London, was

*We hope this is correct. People who use initials or "Mr." for given names, spell according to their fancy and presume that everybody knows that "King William was King James's son" aren't bothering about genealogists 150 years later.

born on June 24, 1722, in Derry, a son of Maj. Samuel and Margaret (Stewart) Stone, and grandson of Alexander Stewart, Esq., of the city of Dublin, agent for Sir William Stewart of Fort Stewart, County Donegal, =B: 22, and Alexander Stewart of Ballylan, same county, =B: 41. He was 67 years old when he wrote about the Stewarts in Ireland—the same year that George Washington was inaugurated president of the United States of America—and although he wanted to be constructive in his dealings with "his lordship", his tory sentiments showed through—just as our 'whig' tendencies are coloring this confabulation now—and Rev. Samuel Stone regarded any man who would desert Ireland to hide out in a far-off wilderness as dead already.*

(continue)

MAYBE OUR SAM HOUSTON WAS A SCOTCHMAN

The Scottish Genealogist, Edinburgh, for December, 1969, contained an article on "The Houstouns of Houstoun" in Renfrewshire which may reflect a ray of light on a family in the United States which came by way of Tobago, British West Indies, used sometimes as a stepping-stone (as Alexander Hamilton, the first secretary of the treasury of the United States, availed himself of the island of Nevis in the West Indies to get



to New York City). Sir Michael Stewart of Blackhall, Renfrewshire, whose parentage is not shown, married at Edinburgh on June 4, 1738, Helena (sometimes referred to as Eleanora) Houstoun, daughter of Sir John & Lady Margaret (Schaw) Houstoun, and had John, Houston Nicolson, Archibald, Margaret and Eleanora. Archibald Stewart "emigrated to Tobago, British West Indies, and was killed in 1799 in an affray with some pirates." He may have left a child or two who made their way to Georgia, for Patrick Houstoun of this family, to whom the baronetcy passed, let it slide and went to Georgia. It was mostly debts, anyhow. "Edward Houstoun, residing with his family at Decatur, appears to be heir to the title."

PETER STUART WAS A TYPICAL HIGHLANDER

PETER STUART of Hardin county, Kentucky, planter, surveyor and distiller of good corn whiskey, =I: 11, has many capable descendants through his three wives and fifty years of 'family planning'. Besides Mrs. Elizabeth (Stuart) Pate of Elizabethtown, Ky., who collected a big amount of family history (and whom 'y^e editor' met up with in the county clerk's office there in 1963), we have lately aroused Mrs. Howard L. (Sibyl H.) O'Steen of Fort Pierce, Fla., and Mrs. Melford L. (Willia A.) Heady of Elizabethtown, Ky., who have data. In our next issue (June) we shall tell what we know of these emigrants from Prince George's county, Md.

* Norman-English law barred from inheritance any man who left the kingdom.

PETER STUART'S FATHER WAS A MARYLANDER

PETER STUART of Hardin county, Kentucky, who fathered some eighteen children in the course of fifty years, has long been a perplexity to several of his numerous descendants, in spite of his prominence and wealth, because he was left an orphan when he was very young. A tradition in his family persisted, however, that the father's name was William; and Peter named his first-born son *William*, as was the custom among the Scotch; and the second son was customarily named for the grandfather, and subsequent children were named for the wife's parents or siblings, and so on. Occasionally the family doctor or the preacher, or a respected friend, or a great hero, like Andrew Jackson for instance, or a king, contributed his name to a baby as an honorarium.*

Nelson county, Kentucky, was set off in 1784 from Jefferson county; and from Nelson county was detached Hardin county in 1792, with the Rolling Fork of Salt river, pouring into the Ohio river, as the dividing line, and settlements were usually in the river valleys. Larue county was part of Hardin county until 1843. Settlers came in from several other states in the excited migrations over the Appalachian mountain divide between the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico following the success of the Revolutionary war in breaking the barrier between the multiplying whites of northwestern Europe and the stolid horde of recalcitrants. "The most Catholic settlements around Bardstown [the seat] in Nelson county," said a Catholic history of Kentucky, "were made up of persons from St. Mary's, Charles and Prince George's counties in Maryland." Peter Stuart's people are known to have been, at least nominally, associated with the Catholic church, the women-folks especially. The spelling S-t-u-a-r-t, although not always adhered to, and the repetition of the name *Charles* in the lineage is suggestive of some vague recollection of King Charles I, who 'suffered martyrdom' on the beheading-block in 1649. Charles county was named for King Charles I, and Maryland was named for his queen, Henrietta Maria. Not all of the



* My mother wanted to name me, her fourth son in a row, after her father, John Thomas. But my father, who seems to have felt the need to 'rule the roost' and had named their first three boys James, William and Charles for God-knows-whom, objected. He gave as an excuse that he had a cousin named John Edson who was a son of a bitch (if I may quote *verbatim*), and he hated that name. So he came up with a substitute, George Thomas Edson, picked out of no-where but with a kingly connotation, and that name has stuck with me for eighty-six meandering years.

colonists who were granted land and made their homes in Lord Baltimore's domain had to be Catholics. The lord proprietary had to be generous and to cater to others' principles, for he was being elbowed aside by ruder men. The lobbyists for Virginia and Pennsylvania were busy at trying to chisel away Lord Baltimore's patent, at a period when nobody seemed to know which way the Potomac river flowed, for the ocean tides move upward as far as Georgetown, and, after the contenders quit their squabbling, Maryland was the most grotesquely-shaped member of the thirteen colonies. If you were sprightly in your legs, like Jack B. Nimble, you could almost jump across a narrow neck of it near Hancock in Morgan county, West Virginia. When the United States split in two in 1861 most Marylanders didn't know whether they were 'Yanks' or 'Rebs' or somewhere in-between.

Charles Stewart, who came with his flock from Maryland, perhaps indirectly—and perhaps following some of them—to Nelson county, with a wife Ann, was not the Charles Stewart who married Ann F. Biscoe, Prince George's county, 1794, for that Charles was the son of Charles, a son of Dr. George Stewart, surgeon in Annapolis.

Mix-up came about because "The first contingent of emigrants to be shipped to the new colony in 1634," as the *HANDY BOOK FOR GENEALOGISTS*, Logan, Utah, 1935, says, "consisted of about 20 Catholic gentlemen and 200 Protestant laborers. They established a settlement about nine miles up the St. George's river, which empties into the Potomac river near its mouth."

To be continued

Arthur Stewart

Continued from page 96

It would seem that the majority of Stewarts and their fellows who left the counties in the North of Ireland in the great exodus which got well under way by 1718 and came to different localities on the western side of the Atlantic ocean were not the pampered sons of aristocrats, but men who loved a rural life, and were happy while working in their fields and watching things grow. It would be a mistake to assume that a man whose "brow is wet with honest sweat" must be a bumpkin, too ignorant to know how to make an easier living. In trying to sort out ancestors we are likely to grab for a nobleman and to bypass some humble toiler who may have been his brother. When the Norman conquerors in 1066 took over most of England, the lowland parts of Scotland and a part of Ireland awhile afterward, they brought along a different system of land-holding, reflected in our day in a sheriff's selling an individual's real estate to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, at the south front door

of the county court house, after due notice, because the thoughtless wight hadn't paid his taxes. It was a system which kept an estate perpetually, generation after generation, in the hands of a first-born son, thereby excluding—and, in a sense, disowning—a man's younger sons. That fact put the younger sons in the light of belonging to an inferior, or subjugated stratum of society. That was a gross error, and it enabled some gorilla-type creatures who had attained the power of speech through association, yet had retained practically all of their original proclivities, to come forth and assert loudly that they were the "prodigal sons" and to receive the acclaim of those who imagined that they, too, had been deprived of their birth-right through cunning and collusion.

In 1296, some six or seven generations after the Norman invasion of Britain, King Edward I took a crew of investigators on a tour through Scotland to check up on how the landlords were doing. "The nobles eagerly sought him," a historian wrote, "for the privilege of doing homage." Their unctuousness may have reassured King Edward that all was hunkydory, unless he understood that in these northern countries women have minds of their own, like Lucy Lammermuir. In Scotland married women of rank retained their family name, as evidenced by baptismal records, and the full right of owning land and making wills.

In line with that and, very likely, concerning several Stewart branches in the United States, is the biography of Sir William Stewart, laird of Dunduff, parish of Maybole, shire of Ayr, Scotland. His pedigree and relationship to other Stewarts has been fairly well established, =H: 65. He brought a pack of relatives into Ireland and domiciled them on his estate, thus complying with the proviso that he plant a given number of able men of the Protestant faith in order to provide a bulwark against an Irish onslaught to exterminate the poachers. To avoid the appearance of having hogged more land than he was entitled to, an idea that came up only after late-comers coveted the laird's enterprise, Sir William on June 10, 1614, set off parcels of his estate to a number of his tenants, including Walter Stewart, Arthur Stewart and Anthony Stewart, =H: 65. There is no telling what relationship those gentlemen may have borne to the boss, nor their ages or families. With information afforded by a voluminous manuscript, being a report of inquisitions in Ireland through several reigns (King James I—King George II), labeled RECORDS OF THE ROLLS, a photostatic replica of which we scrutinized in the library of the Genealogical Society of Latter Day Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1960, we shall be able, we think, to come pretty close to identifying a group of Stewarts who showed up in Pennsylvania in the early 1700's.

To be continued

IS IT LIKE HUNTING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAY-STACK?

"I had a letter from a genealogist in Florida who said he could get me a book for \$12 with all the information I was seeking," reports S. C. Stewart, 9000 Sheridan drive, Clarence, N. Y., 14031. "I sent the \$12 and said I didn't want a book written by J. Montgomery Seaver, for I already had eight of them. Then I got a check for \$8, saying 'the book was sold.' That cost me a dollar per word. Another genealogist offered to search a library for a fee of \$10 down and \$3.50 per hour. I searched the library files myself, and was out of there in less than ten minutes. I figured I saved myself a dollar a minute. The Goodspeed Book Store is offering sixteen volumes of your magazine for \$50 from 1922 to 1939. So, the way I see it, if Joseph Stewart hasn't appeared in 46 years I am barking up the wrong tree. Please let me know how much I should pay you." For what?

YOUR CO-OPERATION IS THE WELL-SPRING OF OUR WORK

WITH this number the venerable *Stewart Clan Magazine* completes its 47th year, or volume, and gets set to start out on its 48th, in hopes of reaching its goal of half a century. It has lived, in its plodding way, through influenza epidemics, a 'world' war or two, 'deflation' and reinflation and "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and now asks of you well-



disposed subscribers whose paid-up time expires with this issue to send us your renewal now, six dollars a year. (If letter-postage is




raised to 8¢ or 10¢ our subscription rate ought to be \$8 or \$10 a year, to stay in the mouse-race, or elephant-race.) We ask your indulgence, and assure you of our unflagging interest. If we have neglected answering your letters it wasn't because we didn't care, or were buzzing around somewhere: it is simply that time is too brief. I am still employed, part-time, as a printing craftsman at the Burns Publishing company nearby to supplement my social security benefits. I have no car. I live alone in a rather big house with spacious grounds, which I love, on which the taxes are growing fatter and fatter as the city grows, but I'll never squawk. I do my own house-keeping, such as it is, and fix my own grub, except that I "eat out" a whole lot. Where did the 'editorial' *we* drop out of this harangue, and the 'big' *I* crop up? It must have been when I was out of the room, trying to find the word *lunk-head* in one of my three dictionaries. But to get back now to the two Yellow Panthers pictured above. They are to remind posterity of the time when the Black Panthers, financed and egged on by very evil forces, sought to discredit, dishonor and destroy Earth's most precious images of a Sublime Being.

*Arthur Stewart**Continued from page 99*

A RTHUR STEWART, who was born Jan. 7, 1695, 'new style' or 'old style' as the case may have been [maybe 1696], in County Donegal, North Ireland, third son of Alexander and Margaret (Stewart) Stewart of Ballylan quarter [or Ballilawn, as Rev. Samel Stone spelled it, =B: 41], parish of Ray, "died in his apprenticeship to a merchant in Derry, a youth of hopeful expectation. His brothers John and Thomas died, I believe, at an earlier period of life. The two younger sons, Henry and Francis, went early to sea on board men-of-war, under the patronage of Admiral Charles Stewart, son of the second Lord Viscount Mount Joy. Henry became an excellent naval officer."

Rev. Samuel Stone, who wrote up the reminiscence of his Stewart family in 1789 for the edification of the first Lord Londonderry, was born June 24, 1722, in Derry [Londonderry], son of Maj. Samuel and Margaret (Stewart) Stone and grandson, on his mother's side, of Alexander and ——— (Stewart) Stewart, she being a daughter of ———

Stewart "of Ballylawn". The blank spaces are Rev. Stone's.  He was 67 years old at the time of his writing, and that was 180 years ago. We should all be grateful for his diligence, and to the late J. Adger Stewart of Louisville, Ky., who made a trip to Ireland in 1926 and got a copy of Rev. Stone's manuscript from Miss Elizabeth Stone at her home at Barnhill, Comber, County Down, =B: 41.

Ray parish is "on the north side of the barony of Raphoe and it is bounded on the north thereof with Lough Swilly," explained THE CIVIL SURVEY for the counties of Donegal, Londonderry and Tyrone, conducted in the years 1654, '55 and '56. A *lough* is a "lake, bay or arm of the sea," and, like the Scotch word *loch*, is pronounced much as you would speak of a canal *lock*, only with a harsh *k* snap. In Ray parish was the 195-acre farm called Ballilan, and in 1654-6 it belonged to "Wm. Stewart, British Protestant." The same William Stewart was proprietor of a 150-acre subdivision adjoining it, called Balliveagh, which he held "as heir to his father and grandfather," whom we expect to identify. Now, the same

Reference signs and abbreviations used in this magazine mean: =B: 159, refer to that tome and page; superior figure,⁵ generation number (usually estimated from 1650); m. means married; mb., marriage bond; d., died; k., killed; c., *circa*. a., *ante*, etc.; ① Bible, ② church, ③ town or county, ④ gravestone, ⑤ probate, ⑥ court, ⑦ deed, ⑧ military, ⑨ pension, ⑩ census, ⑪ family account, ⑫ history or biography, ⑬ patriotic society, ⑭ published genealogy, ⑮ assumption by the editor.

account showed that Balliveagh proportion was bounded "with Dunduff's land on ye east." That refers to William Stewart, laird of Dunduff, Maybole parish, Ayrshire, Scotland, who was granted 1000 acres in County Donegal at the first crack of the whip. We have now worked along on our tracking of the ancestors of Arthur Stewart on Yellow Breeches creek in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, and probably a dozen other Stewart lines in the United States, up to around 1660. That gentry traveled in droves, like little armies: they didn't scatter out, like we Americans do, all over hell's half-acre. They went for land, the thing that Father Noah was anxiously looking for. We have been directed to Ray parish because one Walter Stewart, who had settled on a tract of land on Yellow Breeches creek in Newton township, Cumberland county, where he died in 1771, willed to his brother Samuel Stewart, "resident of County Donegal, parish of Ray, in Ireland," a half-interest in a farm in Dickinson township on which their cousin, William Marshall, was then living, and he willed the other half-interest to Marshall.

In conformity with that bequest Samuel and his wife Margaret bade good-bye to old friends in Erin and took ship for Pennsylvania, with any bairns whom they may as yet have had, and any neighbors or kinsfolk who had heard the call, = C: 15, C: 241. Samuel Stewart eventually moved into Carlisle, his market-town, and died in 1828. The vagabond editor of this *Stewart Clan Magazine*, exploring around in 1938, found himself standing and staring at Samuel Stuart's—some crank had chiseled that spelling, probably from enlightenment dispensed by Dickinson college nearby—elaborate marble monument in a cemetery at Carlisle, "a long way from Tipperary". The names of Samuel and Margaret Stewart's seven children were James, Mary, Walter, Martha, Samuel, Ann and Margaret.

THE CIVIL SURVEY showed the following Stewarts owning lands in Ray parish, Donegal county, Ireland, in the years 1654-55-56: William; Lord Aubigny [Lodovick, a misuse of the name *Ludwig* and sometimes bungled with the name *Lewis* for *Louis*]; Jon. [for *John*]; and Capt. Jon., "beseigr. of Dery". THE CENSUS OF IRELAND, 1659, revealed these Stewarts dwelling in the same Ray parish: John, Esqr "and Robert Stewart gent"; James Stewart gent; John "and Francis Stewart his sonn gent"; Mathew Stewart gent; and William, Esq., who owned 'Bellilane qr.'



"There are several of the name of Stewart in Ireland that I could not get a distinct account of," wrote Rev. Duncan Stewart in his remarkable survey of Stewart families through personal interviews and detailed studies in the years around 1725 to 1730, which is contemporary with our present investigation; "such as the late General Stewart, and his nephews, Lieutenant-Colonel William Stewart and Captain John Stewart. There

was in that kingdom likewise Lieutenant-Colonel John Stewart of Ballylaan, whose son is Captain Thomas Stewart of Ballylaan."

It may all be mere coincidence, but a bevy of Stewarts, mostly young, discontented with England's greedy ways, and lured by promises of wide-open spaces in Pennsylvania, landed at Chester in 1732 and lodged awhile with former acquaintances or cousins. This item from the Quaker archives points them out: "1^{mo} 17, 1732-3: Thomas Stewart and Thomas Wakefield desire settlement on the west side of Susquehanna river. They propose 40 families." The whole caboodle went to Yellow Breeches creek, which took its peculiar name from an Indian warrior.

To be continued

NOTES ABOUT PEOPLE, PLACES AND EVENTS

"**Y**OU OLD GOAT! Why do you stick around so long?" That was the salutation of Bob Stewart, 2352 York street North, St. Petersburg, Florida, 33710, in renewing the subscription of "Robert & Mary Stewart" (whom I have always regarded as young love-birds, which, in a sense, they are) and adding some extra  money for the search fund. "I'm only 84 years young, and  I'm beginning to feel it. This gittin'-old business ought to be stopped. What? Enyhow, keep up the beautiful work and *we* are adding all *we* can afford to help you do it. My boy and his oldest boy and their wives went to Prince Edward Island last summer, and they are writing up the whole d__n family tree. I may get it some day and send you a copy."

We have had many subscribers to the li'l' ol' *Stewart Clan Magazine* come and go in the course of years, some to lose interest, some to have found what they wanted, and some to die. Our most faithful and constant subscriber and helper remaining has been Mrs. Roy E. Tomlinson, 89 Llewellyn road, Montclair, New Jersey, 07042. She first subscribed on Dec. 7, 1929, and bought the prior seven volumes. She is a descendant of Lieut. Charles Stuart of Stamford, Conn., =A: 209, and has previously lived in Chatham, Mass., a remarkable woman of stamina and intelligence. On a notice of expiration of her subscription a member of her family sent it back to the editor with this succinct, yet tender, annotation: "Mrs. Tomlinson is elderly and very ill. Will you please discontinue her subscription?"

The 15th annual Highland Games and Gathering of Scottish Clans will be held on Saturday and Sunday, July 11 and 12, 1970, on MacRae Meadows, on the slope of Grandfather mountain, near Linville, North Carolina. It is a grand spectacle, sponsored by Saint Andrew's Societies of several cities and some 21 clan societies and associations in the United

States. Grandfather mountain is a peak on the border between Avery and Watauga counties, near where Daniel Boone built his cabin, =E: 172. There are inns and motels in nearby communities. If you'd like to be more familiar with the lay-out you might write or telephone to Mrs. Agnes MacRae Morton, Linville, N. C., 28646.

Mrs. C. Parker (Miriam Redfearn) Steele, Lowndesboro, Ala., 36752, attended the Redfearn annual reunion the week of October 12, 1969, in Anson county, North Carolina, and was pleasantly surprised to meet up with her younger son, Kenneth, there. He had come from Silver Spring, Maryland, where he is a research specialist, to see his father and mother, for it was a lot nearer than Alabama. Later Mrs. Steele researched in the Anson county court house in Wadesboro, and thence went to Raleigh, where she was impressed by the new Archives building. "It is really a wonderful place to search," she thinks, "and I would love to go back and stay at least a month. I hardly learned their system before we had to leave. As it was I got one generation farther on my Sinclairs, three generations farther on the Hornes and—what I went for—verified the fact that my great-great-great-great-grandmother, Zilphia (Meadow [Meador]) Huntley's (born 1747) father was Jason Meadow, born c.1706, in Essex county, Virginia."

"I have contacted again my 'cousins', the Theodore Heysham, Jrs.", reports Miss Marjorie Stewart Eastwick, post office box 25, Lively, Va., 22507. "He is a descendant of Ann Stewart, daughter of Charles and his first wife, Huldah McCrae," =D: 294. "They have some information that I don't have, and will send it to me. Their address is: Mr. & Mrs. Theodore Heysham, Jr., 350 Montgomery avenue, Colleton, Norristown, Penna., 19401. They are delightful, and plan to come to Virginia this summer with their records."

Mrs. Edna D. Hoyt, 3120 South Franklin road, Indianapolis, Ind., 46239, commenting on the Scot habit of naming children, =97, says: "My mother-in-law was a daughter of William Carnegie, who came from Dunfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland. William was a first-cousin to Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburgh steel magnate." Well, we'll have to wait until the August number to learn how William Carnegie named his children.



A check-mark here politely reminds you that you are getting tardy about keeping up your subscription to this dedicated publication, and a man with a blue pencil will be coming along pretty soon to draw a line right through your name on the mailing-list. Nearly everyone else has renewed already, and we're counting on you!

PETER STUART'S FATHER WAS KILLED BY INDIANS

Continued from page 98

"**P**ETER STUART's father and mother were killed in 1799 while defending the fort at Boonsboro against the Indians." That is what Mrs. Elizabeth (Stewart) Pate's father remembered having heard the old folks say, =H: 295. Peter was at that time a boy about four years old, and would comprehend little of this big world, or what happened at the block-house at Boonsboro, or at Harrodsburg. His old grandfather, Charles Stewart—that was the way he spelt his name, although the scribes in that community insisted that it should be spelt as the martyred Mary, queen of Scots, spelt *her* name, after a French fashion, lacking a letter *w*—did know. Soon after his son's death he made his will, Jan. 3, 1800, in Nelson county, Kentucky, and in it he said: "To the lawful heirs of my son William Stewart, deceased, five shillings." That was the minimum, equal to one dollar, which the law regards as a unit of money. It was a token bequest, for William's family was well-off.

Nelson county, Kentucky, was once big. It was cut off in 1784 from Jefferson county, one of the three counties erected when Virginia ceded to the union of states its vast holdings toward the 'Father of Waters,' a region called Kentucky and at this stage designated by the red-skins as "the Dark and Bloody Ground", which the harassed natives were now resolved to hold against the white encroachers at all costs. They were supported by agents of the English government, which had never officially recognized the legitimacy of the United States as a power and doggedly hoped to expunge it. It seemed that the Hanoverian kings of England, rased by the recollection of attempts to restore the Stuart dynasty in 1715 and '45, had a stubborn spite against anybody bearing the name, and the word may have got around among the Indians that a special spangle awaited the brave who could konk a Stuart.*

Peter Stuart had an older brother, John, born Apr. 17, 1784, probably in Charles county, Maryland, but possibly in Bedford county, Pennsylvania, who married, on May 31, 1808, in Nelson county, Kentucky, Miss Barbara Hunter,¹¹ daughter of Alexander Hunter. Alexander Hunter—incidentally, there was an Alexander Hunter, also Arthur Stewart and

* Such a jinx didn't apply to John Stuart, the Scotchman whom the British government sent to South Carolina to go into the Cherokee Indian country to stir up the tribe against the Americans and to gain their support in suppressing, however bloody their stratagems might be, any Revolutionary movements.

Walter Stewart, among his tenants to whom William Stewart, the laird of Dunduff in Ayrshire, Scotland, set off on June 10, 1614, a portion of his 1000-acre grant of land in Portlough precinct, County Donegal, Ireland, because he was holding more land than the law allowed, =H: 145—made his will May 24, 1843, in Nelson county, naming his eldest daughter Barbara Stuart; second daughter Margaret Johnson; first son John* Hunter; etc. The daughter Margaret had first married William Stuart, the man who was reportedly, with his wife, killed by the Indians attacking the fort at Boonsboro, in [now] Madison county, on the Kentucky river. Margaret's remarriage, quite a while after Stuart's demise, is shown by a marriage-bond recorded in Nelson county: Alexander Hunter was surety on a bond Feb. 6, 1815, for Mrs. Margaret Stewart, widow of William Stewart, to marry Robert Johnson, jr., =I: 11.

It's rather confusing; isn't it? that Hunter gang coming in. Some time before, on Nov. 26, 1810, Alexander Hunter, [by his X], gave his consent to the marriage of his daughter *Mary* to William Stuart, Nelson county.© Stuart's fellow-bondsman was William Hunter, and 'Wm.' Hunter signed the document in attestation. (We may have misread the bride's given name on our search in the court house at Bardstown in 1942, but we don't dare juggle our data now, for we might only "make confusion worse confounded." Those Hunters are already driving us up a tree.) Charles Stewart of Upper Makefield township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, in his will dated May 12, 1787, ordered the immediate sale of his land in Kentucky, and he named his wife Sarah, his sister Ann Hunter, his daughter Mary, wife of James Hunter, and others, =D: 194; H: 294. This Charles Stewart of Bucks county presents a queer analogy to Charles Stuart of Charles county—quite distant—although one was an Episcopalian, and the other a Catholic. Charles of Bucks county was the father of the William Stewart who was shot to death in 1782 by a sneaking Indian while he and Daniel Boone were boiling down water to get salt at the Blue Licks [now in Robertson county, Ky.] and Boone was taken captive into the Ohio country, =D: 195. That Charles Stewart obtained his Kentucky land during the Revolutionary war, in which he was perhaps an officer. Kentucky at that period was three counties—Fayette, Jefferson and Lincoln—established in 1780 from vast Kentucky county, and claimed by Virginia, and British agents from Canada were assiduously egging the savages on to clean out the Yankees. The English ministry schemed to salvage the back country, even if it lost the coast.

*A John Hunter, several generations before this time, was "a brave soldier" in the army of King William and kept a diary in Londonderry, Ireland, during the long and ghastly siege of that city in 1689 by the forces of King James.

The land processioners' reports, 1779, in the Nelson county court house at Bardstown contain a number of reports on tracts of land, generally in what is now Washington county [set off from Nelson in 1792], owned by Charles or William Stewart, whom we take to be the gentlemen, father and son, from Bucks county, and one particular entry may suffice to differentiate them from the Charles and William Stuart, father and son, who came drifting into the area from Maryland after the war was won. It is dated Oct. 30, 1780: "William Stewart, assignee &c., enters 600 acres upon a treasury warrant to begin on the east side of the south fork of Hardin's creek, a branch of Salt river, and to run south and west for quantity and to join Penry's pre-emption on the upper side. Also 600 acres on the waters of Mill creek and to join Charles Stewart's pre-emption the east side and to extend southeast and northwest for quantity. Also 600 adjoining his entry of 800 acres on the waters of Mill creek on the west side until it joins Coombs' pre-emption, then with said line for quantity and to join Charles Stewart's pre-emption."

Those folk were Charles Stewart from Bucks county, Pa., and his intrepid son William, who had been a school-mate of Boone in Bucks county and accompanied the famous scout on his second incursion into Kentucky and was cut down, while standing beside Boone at the Blue Licks, by a rifle shot by a lurking Indian, Aug. 19, 1782. His will, dated Aug. 25, 1781, in [then] Lincoln county, Ky., was probated Jan. 21, 1783. He was unmarried, and left his estate in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky to his father, brother Robert and sisters Hannah and Mary.

To be continued

OUR GRATITUDE TO OUR GENEROUS DONORS

YOUR Uncle Dudley—that's a good-natured expression meaning I—was enabled to get most of the data used in the preceding article about the Stewarts, Hunters, Boones and their compatriots with money donated by you precious people, subscribers to the *Stewart Clan Magazine*, and [aside] a natural gift for solving the abstruse, and to hide out from some of the harsh realities of life, and to show up a few persons who brag of their royal descent and are just little liars.

So we went, by railway train, omnibus, taxi-cab and shank's mare, all the way to Nelson county and many other counties in Kentucky, and to all the older counties in Maryland, and up to Bucks county and all around through Pennsylvania, delving in court houses, meandering in old grave-yards, browsing through biographical histories in local libraries, interviewing old-timers, and putting up at ramshackle hotels to conserve expense-money and therewith go farther and linger longer—in short, having more fun than a hog in a water-melon patch.

So here are the names of the persons who contributed cash to our search fund since we printed a list in our January number, page 80. The money is in a hidden envelope, where it is depreciating in buying power day by day as the big-mouthed boys in Washington run up the national debt to monstrous proportions: this isn't editorial opinion; it's history. We don't know yet when or where we'll go, with labor balks, transportation uncertainties and killings in the streets, but we assure you we shall find ways to obtain more, and accurate, genealogical records. Thank you!

Mrs. Mozell McKendrick, Tempe, Ariz., \$1; S. C. Stewart, Clarence, N. Y., \$4; John N. Stewart, Grosse Pointe, Mich., \$4; Mrs. Eleanor M. Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah, \$2; Mrs. Harold E. Weaver, Edmondson, Ark., \$5; W. F. Turrentine, jr., Topeka, Kans., \$4; J. Carter Stewart, Louisville, Ky., \$17; Mrs. James H. Dutcher, Oxford, O., \$4; Mrs. S. T. Wyndham, Kirkland, Wash., \$5; Mrs. Milo M. Stewart, Eugene, Oreg., \$9; Randall E. Stewart, Champaign, Ill., \$5; Mrs. K. Ewell Jones, Stephenville, Tex., \$5; James L. Stewart, Charles City, Iowa, \$4; John N. Booth, Oklahoma City, Okla., \$2; Elliott B. Stewart, Kinsman, O., \$4; Mrs. Zera E. Howe, Medaryville, Ind., \$1; Mrs. Malvin Stewart, Huntsville, Tex., \$1; Mrs. Jerry Drennan, Omaha, Nebr., \$2; Mrs. Dorothy Werner, Wichita Falls, Tex., \$1; Mrs. Margaret Carruth, Dallas, Tex., \$4; Miss Grace G. Stewart, Greenbelt, Md., \$4; Robert & Mary Stewart, St. Petersburg, Fla., \$2; Aubrey H. Starke, Washington, D. C., \$4; Edmond L. Stewart, Bakersfield, Calif., \$4; Mrs. Marjorie H. Williamson, Stone Harbor, N. J., \$4; Mrs. Sue Stewart Henry, Wexford, Pa., \$2; John W. Stewart, Baltimore, Md., \$2; Mrs. Guion McCaleb, Austin, Tex., \$10 (and \$200 for back-numbers); Donnell B. Stewart, Ogden, Utah, \$9; Harris Bateman, Tulsa, Okla., \$4; Mrs. Gales H. Smith, LaFayette, Ind., \$4; Mrs. Orlando Worthington, Portland, Ore., \$4; Mrs. Ben H. Cook, Longview, Tex., \$4; Hugh J. Stewart, Boulder, Colo., \$4; Mrs. H. L. Noblitt, Tullahoma, Tenn., \$4; Dr. Byron R. Lewis, Bridgeport, Ill., \$4; Mrs. Merva Ward, North Ogden, Utah, \$4; Mrs. J. Alphonse Prudhomme, Natchez, La., \$1; Ronald J. Stewart, Somerset, N. J., \$2; Jay J. Stewart, Media, Pa., \$4; Mrs. A. Lewis Bentley, Perrysburg, Ohio, \$4; Miss Frances R. Stuart, Albany, N. Y., \$10. Total, \$178.

THERE IS NO POINT IN ARGUING WITH FATHER TIME

IF I HAD enough time I would answer the scores of letters spread over a table and a desk in my work-room, all of which I have given considerable study, and laid aside for cogent calls upon my duty, and in the meantime the mailman stuffs more letters into my box. My correspondents think I'm off somewhere loitering, or playing Romeo. Gosh all fish-hooks! I haven't time even now to say **what** I was going to say!

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MONTHLY

GENEALOGICAL RECORDS OF STEWART-STUART FAMILIES

TOME J

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Arthur Stewart

Continued from page 103

CHARLES STUART (who preferred the family spelling STEWART but has been 'put in his place' by scholars who presumed to know more than he did*) was "a soldier who was wounded in the hand at the battle of the Boyne." The battle of the Boyne water [river] in the western edge of Ireland was fought on July 1, 1690, when the army of the newly-elected king of England—and presumably of Ireland, Wales and Scotland, William, a Dutchman—caught up with the forces of King James II, the last Stuart king, and routed them. James got on a ship and escaped to France, where he ended his days in 1701. James had imagined that the Irish populace, which had refused to go along with the English in King Henry VIII's repudiation of Catholic strictures, would stand up for him, but they didn't stand very effectively. James wasn't an Irishman, nor a Scotchman, but a kind of mongrel: this we say kindly, and understandingly, for a person is not accountable for the cavortings of his progenitors. It was the custom with king-makers, who had an eye out for *beezness*, which is less gruesome than bludgeoning and less messy, to hand-pick a wife for an infant prince, and when the Stuart royalty moved to London it came under the sway of the entrenched capitalists, and within a few generations it was so integrated with Spanish, Italian, French and general Mediterranean stock that it became Fallstaffianly ludicrous, and drove hundreds of unpolluted families out of the kingdom.



This Charles¹ Stewart who got shot in the hand while fighting as a soldier in the battle of the Boyne in 1690, probably on the side of King William, married ——— and had, it is presumed, a number of children, among whom was a daughter who married ——— Beard (or

*I realize that it is a cock-eyed notion with me to stick up for the Scottish spelling *Stewart*, but I can't get over the umbrage which I felt one time when I was nine years old my aunt, who had taken me in tow for want of a child of her own and to relieve my mother who had more than she needed, insulted my grandfather, her aged but provident father, who had accepted me as a pal and had taught me to be a crack pinochle-player by never giving me an inch of indulgence. When he declined to accede to her insistence that his middle name—he was named for his mother's father, Oliver Stewart, a Revolutionary war veteran who likewise had taken him in tow—she turned back to her kitchen chores with the snort, "Oh, you're old and forgetful!"

Baird) and had a daughter named Rebecca, who was born about 1734.^⑩ That we gather from the HISTORY OF THE ALISON OR ALLISON FAMILY, 1893, page 133, Boston, by Leonard Allison Morrison, which stated also that Robert Allison, who with brothers James and Andrew landed in Philadelphia about the first of July, 1750, from County Londonderry, Ireland, resided in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, for some years and then removed to Indiana county, where he died in 1805. He married in 1752 Rebecca Beard, who came in the same ship with him." An older book, the HISTORY OF INDIANA COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, 1880, contained a biographical sketch which asseverated much of the same tradition. Charles Stuart, the narrator recalled, "was a descendant of the house of Stuart," quite obviously; aren't we all? "He had a granddaughter named Beckie Beard, who married in 1752 in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, Robert Allison, who came from County Derry, Ireland, in 1750 and settled in Cumberland county." They raised six sons and one daughter.

That name Beard, *alias* [otherwise] Baird and pronounced as you would say *bear*—not *beer*—intrigues us. It is a Scottish clan name, and has its tartan, but we can't say what shire it hails from. *Bard* is a sept, or subdivision, and gave the name to Bardstown, Kentucky, where Stephen Foster thought up *My Old Kentucky Home* while visiting relatives living near there. We allude to this because Mary Stewart, daughter of Charles and Elizabeth (Hunter) Stewart of Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, who was born in 1768, married one James Baird.^{⑥ ⑫}

That Charles Stewart, as memorialized in the HISTORY OF LYCOMING COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, 1892, by John F. Meginnes: "In 1762, when only 19 years of age, he came to America and joined his uncle, Samuel Hunter,* who lived near the present town of Dauphin, a few miles north of Harrisburg. About 1767 he married Elizabeth Hunter, his cousin, and they settled in Cumberland county on a farm which he had purchased. Before the treaty of 1784 (with the Indian chiefs, which relinquished

* The name *Hunter* is Lowland Scotch, an occupational name, as is *Steward*, and has no armorial bearings nor a landed estate. In Leicestershire, England, a master of hounds was known as a *tod-hunter*, whence came the names *Todd* and *Hunter*, both. It is interesting to note how the families ganged together, as were their wont, until the great Dispersion sent them flocking to a newly-discovered continent. It is animal nature to strive for excellence, and to stand up for one's "own flesh and blood", as the bull defends the herd, or there can be no law, no difference between white and black. (In Kansas's 'integrated' schools I kept my eye open. In the 8th grade room I was given a desk just behind kinky-haired, black-skinned, shiny-eyed Sadie Phillips, a timid, well-behaved gal. I was 14 years old, and, after missing a year of schooling to develop muscular strength and a sunny disposition, I was sent to Lawrence to resume my education, 70 years ago. Boy! do I eat up the news from Lawrence! It's a good idea to live a long time—you see so much!)

to the Penn colony all that vast region northward along the widespread branches of the Susquehanna river) his attention was directed to the West Branch valley by reports . . . Having disposed of his land for Continental money, he made a journey up the river in 1783 . . . purchased 714 acres in Nippenose bottoms, lying in the great ox-bow bend of the river and extending back to the base of the mountain, which he paid for with the money he had received for his Cumberland county land. . . . Returned in 1784 with his family. He owned a few slaves, which he brought with him."

The deed records of Cumberland county show that Charles Stewart, inn-keeper, and his wife Elizabeth, of Hanover township, sold to John Field "of Lancaster county aforesaid," on Mar. 31, 1777, for \$450, 150 acres of land in Hanover township which had been acquired by Stewart by virtue of an application in 1776, =C: 220. Again, on Oct. 8, 1779, Charles Stewart, yeoman, and wife Elizabeth, of Tyrone township, Cumberland county, for £3,200, deeded to John Sansinich of Paxtang township, Lancaster [after 1785 Dauphin] county, 1,103 acres of land on the banks of the Susquehanna river in Tyrone township which was warranted on Sep. 8, 1755, to Samuel Hunter, "which Hunter by bill of sale Oct. 6, 1769, granted to his daughter Elizabeth, wife of the said Charles Stewart." —*deeds*, IG: 156. That sews it up! Charlie and Liz were already snugly ensconced in their Lycoming county home, where they could gaze serenely on the West branch of the picturesque Susquehanna river!

Rev. Philip V. Fithian, an organizer for Donegal presbytery, wrote in his journal July 19, 1775: from the town of Northumberland, "I went after dinner over the river to Capt. [Samuel] Hunter's. . . . We drank with him one bowl of toddy, and passed on to Sunbury."

Col. Samuel Hunter, who doubtlessly belonged in this family, was born in 1732 in the North of Ireland, according to the HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, 1891, by Herbert C. Bell, which doesn't say when or how he got to Pennsylvania. He was commissioned lieutenant May 2, 1760, in Capt. Joseph Scott's company in Col. Hugh Mercer's battalion of the Pennsylvania regiment, and was made a captain on Nov. 10, 1763. His wife was Susanna Scott. He died at Fort Augusta [Sunbury] on Apr. 10, 1784, aged 52 years, leaving his widow and two daughters—Nancy, who married Alexander Hunter, and Mary, who married Samuel Scott. Now, tell us about Alexander Hunter!

But what we want to know is, how was Samuel Hunter, who lived in Paxtang township, Dauphin county, in 1762, an 'uncle' of the 19-year old Charles Stewart from County Donegal who came to join him?

To be continued

A GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY MEETING IS COMING UP

The Texas State Genealogical society, under the presidency of Mrs. Edna Perry Deckler, 2528 University drive, South, Fort Worth, Texas, 76109, invites us fellow genealogists to attend the second Congress of American Genealogists which is to meet during the Texas State Genealogical convention, Nov. 5-7, 1970, in Houston's Shamrock-Hilton hotel.

"THE WORLD DO MOVE," AS THE DARKIE SAID

Mrs. H. M. (Grace) Claflin, 1815 Grove avenue, Radford, Virginia, 24141, wrote July 24: "My husband and I, our daughter Cathy and her husband of a month, and our son Howie and his wife and two-year old son Pat, all went down to the Highland games in North Carolina last Sunday and had a real good time. It is quite a thrill to see all the clans on parade, and you even get used to seeing kilts." In passing, we believe that the name CLAFLIN is the same as MACLACHLAN, since we spell a word *laugh* and pronounce it *laff*! and the Scottish *K*, never in the Roman alphabet, is purely nordic. Mrs. Claflin, recently discovered, turns up to be a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Rebecca (Gregg) Moon of Munnsville, New York, "the kind-hearted and motherly woman" who diligently helped us compile the records for NATHAN EDSON & HIS DESCENDANTS, back in the days when a nickel would buy a glass of beer.

"THE LAST FOR WHICH THE FIRST WAS MADE"

IN ORDER to do the best I can for the most people and to disentangle myself from petty problems, I am putting an accumulation of queries into the general 3x5 card-file, keeping only a few recent ones to analyze. A ton of exchange magazines, which I could burn in my fire-place this coming winter, I have promised to give to Charles Steuart for the Stewart Society of America. My genealogical library I shall hang on to, for I need the biographical books, old maps and charts to work with. It is not that I am disgruntled, or unappreciative, for I chose this peculiar career, or the Fates did it for me, and, although it has cost me a measure of alienation from those whom I loved, and caused them pain, I can now compensate only by plodding along.

Observation and experience has proven that heredity is a matrix. An "ugly duckling" might turn into a graceful swan—but it was a swan in the first place. "When the Lord made the negro He made him in the night; he made him in a hurry and forgot to make him white." It is rather late for us to rectify God's absent-mindedness, but there are busybodies, issuing out of nonentity, who presume to instruct God, in their prayers, how to manage everything, while they themselves are dead-beats.

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GENEALOGICAL RECORDS OF STEWART-STUART FAMILIES

TOME J

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THE PETER STUART QUANDARY

Continued from page 111

ALEXANDER HUNTER didn't get too much attention when your painstaking researcher was nosing around in court houses, libraries and in all other possible sources of information, because my trained eye was set to pick up the name *Stewart* in any of its modifications among a jumble of many other family names in manhandled, crumbling manuscripts in cramped, ill-lighted cubby-holes where outsiders were looked upon with suspicion, especially by officials with no understanding or sense of reverence of the labors of the Founding Fathers. Things are better nowadays, thanks to Franklin Roosevelt or, likely, his mother, a Delano, and the rescue of early vital records from rot and sabotage.

In a catalogue of Scottish border clans in 1597, printed in Charles A. Hanna's *THE SCOTCH-IRISH, OR THE SCOT IN NORTH BRITAIN, NORTH IRELAND AND NORTH AMERICA*, *The Knickerbocker Press*, New York and London, 1902, vol. 2, page 439 (happily in the *Stewart Clan Magazine's* precious little library, if you will forgive a chortle of pride, since I am working to share my wealth with you), the Hunter clan, and likewise Stewart, was placed in Peebles shire, which lies next south of Edinburgh shire. In a prior list, 1590, the name *Hunter* did not appear, although *Stewart*, and most of the other families did.



The name *Hunter* does not appear in Renton's *THE SCOTTISH TARTANS*, indicating that the ancestor who took the surname was not there when the earlier Scandinavians came over and quashed the rude natives, like that bewhiskered man wearing only a wolf's skin for panties and holding a club at the ready for a swat at the rampant lion on the opposite side of the shield on the royal Stewart coat-of-arms. The wearing of clan regalia in Scotland was rigidly outlawed in 1746 after Bonnie Prince Charlie's supporters were practically annihilated by the deadly cannon-fire of King George's cohort. Mercifully, the few survivors, through the intervention of Mrs. Flora MacDonald, were pardoned, on their oath, and permitted to migrate to North Carolina. When the American war for independence from King George got under way, those Scots stubbornly refused to have any part in it, although some of the young bucks, with Flora MacDonald's connivance, got together and put up a fight against the Americans. As busy as they were, fighting off the British who

were resorting to dirty tactics, the Americans turned around and gave the back-biters a real shellacking in a battle at Moore's Creek bridge in [now] Bladen county, N. C. (cf. C: 189; C: 55; B: 171; F: 34). The Scots were braw lads, and they meant well, but they were a long way from Inveraray—and what-the-hell did they know about the situation?

An apt case in point is the experience of an American boy named James Stewart, who was living in Guilford [at that time part of Rowan] county, N. C., probably with his parents who had come from Chester county, Pa.,^⑨ when the Revolutionary war broke out in 1775. At the age of 16 years he volunteered as a soldier under Col. Thomas Flack "to subdue the Scotch", =B: 116. James Stewart continued in the service, and came out of the war a captain in the cavalry.

There is some mix-up in the history of the Stuarts and Stewarts who converged in Nelson and Hardin counties, Kentucky, near the end of the 1700's, and the name 'Charles' everywhere only adds to the mystification. Bucks county, Pennsylvania, and Charles county, Maryland, are quite a way apart, and the residents of one locality were mostly Scotch Presbyterians or 'dissenters', while the residents of the other locality were assigned to be Catholics, traditionally at loggerheads. Yet there might have been a consanguinity, and both lines may have stemmed from one stock. It is known that the rivalry among the colonial proprietors to hold their patents unmolested throughout the shifting of power in London influenced some of them to coax settlers in other bailiwicks to transfer to their domain and to shut their eye to political differences. Thus they unknowingly laid the ground-work for our democratic institutions. Unfortunately, however, and lamentably for us white folk, that principle of communism is being worked against us, as the guillotine worked for awhile in France to equalize mankind, despite the purpose of God.

Charles⁴ Stuart of Prince George's county, Maryland, when well up in years, went with his old wife Ann and some of their children with a party of emigrants to Nelson county, Kentucky, where Catholic settlers had founded an academy (Loretto) and a general settlement not far from Bardstown, =H: 294. He died about 1810.^⑩ The salient point in this revamping of previous articles about this family is to straighten out some inconsistencies. Even the Daniel Boone biographies are hazy about *John* Stuart, who married Boone's sister Hannah in Davie county, N. C., and was mortally wounded by Indians while camping with Boone on Rockcastle creek in Kentucky in 1769, =F: 205, J:2; this William Stuart from Maryland; and the William Stewart from Bucks county, Pa., who was shot dead by a skulking Indian at the Blue Lick on Licking river in Ro-

bertson county, Ky., in 1782, while standing beside Boone. You will note that old Charles Stewart [so signed] of Nelson county, Ky., in his will Jan. 3, 1800, devised his estate "to the heirs of my son William Stewart, deceased". He had just been informed that William had been killed while defending the fort at Boonsboro, on the Kentucky river, in Madison county. William apparently was Charles's eldest son and named for his grandfather. He was a very active individual, and he may have served as scout or path-finder for Gen. Edward Braddock's expedition to Fort Duquesne: it is easy to get mixed up on these things, even if you know a lot about them and have been over the ground. But this much seems for sure: Charles Stewart's father was named William, and he lived in Prince George's county, Maryland. Where he came from is open to conjecture, but the family apparently had been there for several generations, and a relationship to the Stewarts in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, seems remote. Never-the-less, in those days of commotion, of rivalry for land-seekers among the lords proprietary, the pugnacity of the natives and the jarring opinions of the migrants made movements often confusing.* It is true that Lord Baltimore, wary of conflicts, was lenient to non-Catholics, just so they would get to work and improve their grounds and keep trouble-makers out. When Oliver Cromwell had King Charles I's head chopped off, chiefly because the king didn't go along with a bunch of belly-achers, it scared sensible people and caused a great exodus to America, around 1649. (My Samuel Edson, a millwright in Staffordshire, beat the racket by bringing his young family to Massachusetts in 1639: he wasn't against war, but he didn't relish the idea of Englishmen killing Englishmen over trivial disagreements while there were meaner people in the world who needed killing worse.) His forebear had gone along with the so-called 'Reformation', because they didn't care to be bossed by somebody as far away as Rome, and they had as little use for their neighbors who would sooner quarrel with somebody

*Patrick Henry told the Virginia house of burgesses, in arousing aristocrats to join with the Yankee farmers of New England in resisting unfair taxation by England in 1766, that his foot-steps were guided by the lamp of experience. Well, I ain't no Patrick Henry, but I've had experience. It might help you in tracking your ancestors in a shifting society. My father was a very intelligent, energetic man, and if an almighty dollar ever got away from him it would qualify as a museum piece. From Marcus, Cherokee county, Iowa, where he made a lot of money in the grain business and I was born on the day after New Year's, 1884, I was shifted to Cuba, Kansas, where he started a bank and then a lumber-yard, bought a farm and built a home on it for his retired father and mother, his sister Angeline (who was to become my fairy god-mother) and her retired railroader, childless huband, he took off for Sacramento, Calif., to run the street-car system—and where big, blood-thirsty mosquitoes knocked me for the count with typhoid-malarial fever. They brought me back ro Kansas, a wobbly invalid. I died . . . You finish it.

over "Where was Moses when the light went out?" than chop up an arm-load of fire-wood so the little woman could cook him his supper and give him something worth-while to work his jaw on. The people of Maryland didn't think much of 'Honest Abe' Lincoln's tirades against Southern planters who had 'niggers' to do the field-work while his own mother had to work to feed her shiftless husband. Abe not only wished to kill a lot of aristocrats to avenge his mother's penury but, with the loud backing of a bunch of New England cotton-cloth manufacturers who were paying girls a woefully small wage for working 12 hours a day in ramshackle buildings, he succeeded in bringing about the death or maiming of nearly a million Americans, the flower of our manhood.

There is some more which we could adduce about Peter Stuart's predecessors, but until we know how his Charles county, Maryland, connection stacks up with the Bucks county, Pennsylvania, aggregation, and the Daniel Boone and William Stewart incident, we're lost. And that man John Stewart, who married Boone's sister Hannah and was picked off by an Indian's rifle-shot while camping with Boone in a cane-brake in southeastern Kentucky in 1769! And what about the Hunter family—everywhere? Of course, there weren't more than two-million white persons in the original colonies, and most of them were in the habit of shifting about. You were a stick-in-the-mud if you were born in the same state where your father was born.



I spent an hour or so last Saturday (Sep. 19) rambling through Fort Osage in eastern Jackson county, Missouri, overlooking the Missouri river. It has been restored in the past several years. It was the first military installation of the United States west of the Mississippi river in consequence of the purchase of the Louisiana territory and was planned to placate the Osage tribe of Indians. Col. William Clark of Virginia, who accompanied Meriwether Lewis on an exploratory trip in 1803 from St. Louis on the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean to prove the title of the United States by occupancy and to forestall interference by the jealous English (who eventually raised a bitter dispute over the boundary and managed to get away with a nice slice of territory and Vancouver island by 'negotiation' with this country's distinguished orator, Daniel Webster, moved to a spirit of kindness and generosity of his nation's interest by the grace of British whisky) and the French (who had been flimflammed out of Canada by the British in 1756 and now out of the Louisiana domain through the autocracy of Napoleon Bonaparte) returned to Fort Osage, where the trails to the West divided (one of which, the Santa Fe trail, passes a block from my home in Olathe) and there he

To be continued

STEWART CLAN MAGAZINE

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MONTHLY

GENEALOGICAL RECORDS OF STEWART-STUART FAMILIES

TOME J

\$6 a year Editor: George Edson, 801 East Park St., Olathe, Kansas, 66061 50c a copy

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labored with the Osages, teaching them peaceful arts and talking them into moving on into Kansas, which at that period was named Indian Territory and regarded as being too desert-like to be of much use to a white man but okay for hunting jack-rabbits. Daniel Boone, when 84 years old, paid a visit to Fort Osage in 1816. He came on to Westport—there was no such place as Kansas City but merely a few shacks on the Missouri river bank to house a few dock-hands at the Westport landing, about five miles north of the real Westport, which is not a port, at all—to see his son Morgan Boone and his Thomas cousins. Daniel Boone's mother was Sarah Morgan, a daughter of Edward Morgan. Sarah Morgan's sister, whose first name is not at present recalled, married a man named Thomas, all belonging to the Welsh contingent which the Penn brothers induced to settle in Pennsylvania on the theory that they could talk the Indians out of their hunting-grounds rather than blast them out with buck-shot. That Mister Thomas and his wife were parents of William Thomas, who, in good time, married a sweet cookie, moved to a wilderness home in [later] Wayne township, Warren county, Ohio, and reproduced a fine batch of Americans; namely: Jane Miller; Anne Histon; Edward (born Sep. 24, 1774, in Pennsylvania^①); Absalom; Daniel; and Thomas Thomas.^⑤ All of these persons faded into limbo in the great dispersion of the human race, with Cristobal Colon's proving that our Earth is a globe and that it circles the Sun in endless circumference. Edward Thomas, who was named for Edward Morgan, married Pamela Wright on June 29, 1815, in the year of his father William's death and the end of the bloody war of 1812; she was born Dec. 8, 1776, in Pennsylvania. Edward Thomas, who was quitting the Quaker faith and turning to the Methodist Episcopal attitude after witnessing how shallow-minded a red-skin could be at the massacre of the American garrison at Fort Meigs who had surrendered honorably to a British officer, moved from the Little Miami river cabin in Ohio to a farm near Williamsport in Wayne township, Warren county, Indiana, where his son John Thomas (my mother's august sire) was born on May 21, 1815, as the sound of cannon-fire and Indian war-whoops died away in the dimming distance.



All of this beating about the bushes may not seem to you pertinent to the scope of the *Stewart Clan Magazine* for which you pay in expect-

ation of learning something about your own Stewart family line, and it may sound to you like 'blowing one's own horn.' Yet in fact it is a sincere effort to impart to you a perspective of our national origin and character at a time—a very critical time, indeed—when sycophants are ridiculing our belief that "Blood will tell" and trying to foist upon us a notion that the leopard's spots can be changed by 'education' and 'equal opportunity', thereby rendering his insides as contented as a cow's. "If you think the good old days were good old days," advises a Montgomery Ward advertisement of modern kitchen appliances in *Look* magazine for October 20, "you ought to check with someone who was there."

Reverting to the Boone-Stewart angle, my old Granny Thomas [nee Williams, born in 1821] told me in 1906 that John Thomas, her husband, used to say that his mother was Daniel Boone's aunt. "The Boones came from North Carolina," she said. That was right, but the relationship was perhaps exaggerated.

Daniel Boone, in his restless wanderings, at one time got as far west as the foot of Rocky mountains, in what is now the state of Colorado. But trees and streams were so sparse and animals so few that he got homesick and came back to his relatives at New Santa Fe, a settlement along the Missouri-Kansas border about 12 miles northeast of Olathe. Such spots have been largely obliterated, intentionally. When a rail-road was put through this area, a few years after the Civil war, oily-tongued gentlemen, hired by the rail-road pushers, went among the new settlers and urged them to fence off the Santa Fe trail from their land and make wagon-drivers use the regularly surveyed, square-mile roads, mostly subject to quagmires, steep hills and winding waterways. When the settlers demurred, mentioning that it was an ancient law that a public thoroughfare used for many years without controversy, could not arbitrarily be barred at the whim of some whipper-snapper, the adroit gentlemen assured: "Never you mind. We have smart lawyers who know how to handle judges. We'll take care of you in case anybody makes any trouble." It was a hell-of-a revelation to a twelve-year old boy whose mama was pleased to have him take his weekly bath, doll himself up and, with his little Bible in his hand and a nickel in his pocket, waddle off to Sunday school like a Little Lord Fauntleroy. I don't like to be contentious, or to put myself forward as a know-it-all, but I soaked up this information by listening to reminiscences by old Elwood Hoge, a next-door neighbor, who used to come over to talk politics with my father in the campaign of 1896: they were both Democrats by inheritance, and were good talkers, and they surely took the hide off Wall street! Mr. Hoge, who belonged to a Scotch-Irish family who located in Pennsylvania, had come

to Shawnee, in this (Johnson) county, in an early day: his wife was a Switzer, for whom Switzer road was named. The patronymics were properly *Hogue* and *Schweitzer* [a Swiss], but were mutilated by 'ignoramus' during the era of the 'reformation' when dunderheads, in expasperation at the smugness of well-heeled fellow-citizens, were abolishing affectations, as they presumed them to be: so strangers usually addressed Mr. Hoge as "Mr. Hoje"; and I heard a radio news-caster refer to "Swittser" road. Maybe I'm too particular, through a touch of resentment at being called *Edison* two-hundred and ten times, but I like preciseness. I wrote a letter to old Tom Edison, the famed inventor, to ask about his ancestry, and I still cherish his rubber-stamp autographed reply. He said that his grandfather was Dutch. Now, I had got hold of a magazine article, published in 1894, which narrated that the inventor's great-grandfather, John Edison, had wandered into a Dutch community on the west side of the Hudson river [perhaps to get out of having to fight the British], and married a Dutch girl and was expelled with a bunch of loyalists and afforded sanctuary on the peninsula of Nova Scotia. John had a son named Samuel, which happened to be the first name of my immigrant ancestor to Massachusetts, 1639, and, since there was a John Edson in my great-grandfather's family who drifted off and is thought to have gone to New Orleans, of approximately the same age, I theorized that he might be identical with Tom's ancestor: so, with youthful fervor, I put the question directly up to the wizard whose mighty mind had brought illumination to the world. It was good of him to answer.

Why all this circumlocution? Well, I have an inquisitive mind and like to ferret out abstruse matters. Maybe on this question of Peter Stuart's family, the interrelation between Bucks county, Pa., and Charles county, Md., the Stewarts who were killed by Indians in Kentucky, the palpable inaccuracy of some published biographies and the paucity of factual evidence I have dilated too long for your patience. I have researched personally in all those places, and have collected all available references, and now I shall pass to other waiting concerns.

NOTES ABOUT PEOPLE, PLACES AND EVENTS

The Rhode Island Historical Society, 121 Hope street, Providence 02906, has announced its 1970-71 lecture program, which starts Nov. 15 at its library and runs to Apr. 18, next year. It is open to the public, Sundays at 3:30 p.m.


The ninth Finley Stewart Clan reunion was held Sunday, Oct. 11, at the old Alamance Presbyterian church, six miles south of Greensboro, North Carolina. Irwin Stewart was the retiring president.

The London International Book Fair is scheduled to open on Feb. 15 and run to the 20th, 1971, in Central Hall, Westminster. It is a promotional event for periodical publications and is projected by the A. P. Wales Organization, 18 Charing Cross road, London W. C. 2, England.

"Just back Sunday night (July 12) after four months in Chittagong, East Pakistan," Mrs. Lawrence D. Jennings of Sharon, Pa., tells us. "Since our mail was held for us there is a rat-race here—all day yesterday sorting: now today, opening. I doubt that I'll ever get caught up. Since Lawrence retired last year we've been away from home three times for 3 or 4 months."

Mr. and Mrs. H. Vernon Hall of Salt Lake City stopped in to visit awhile on Sep. 8 with the [now]* gray-bearded publisher of this *Stewart Clan Magazine* on their way through these plains. The Halls are fervid and highly-trained workers in genealogy, =I: 23, and showed us all over the map when we were in Salt Lake City ten years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Bateman of Tulsa, Okla., honored the li'l' ol' *Stewart Clan Magazine* and its life-long publisher with a pleasant visit on July 31 as they were driving through to adjacent Overland Park and thence into Missouri to see kinfolk. They are both dynamic persons. Mr. Bateman is the author of a comprehensive book on THE BATEMAN FAMILY.



The city of Baldwin, over the Johnson county line into Douglas county, Kansas, had a big celebration on Oct. 17 commemorating its settlement in an early day, and I went and filled up on history and barbecued beef. Baldwin City is the seat of Baker university, to which Bishop William Alfred Quayle (1860-1925), its president from 1890 to 1894, bequeathed his magnificent collection of antique Bibles. Besides touring the university library and tree-festooned campus, I got to see the long parade, its many marching bands and a' that and a' that, and all the candidates for governor, and I had a good view from the band-stand where the smudge from the barbecue-pits so permeated my clothing, hair and hide that I was "fit to be et".

*After this type-setter had his forehead cracked on the street pavement when he came down head-first when hit amid-ships by a little automobile in a big hurry, a year or two ago, he never was quite right in his mind. (Skip the first part of that statement and hold the latter eight words.) Every time he thinks that he'd better shave off his whiskers and quit being greeted as a brother by the revolutionists as a fellow-hippie, he has a second thought, "The Divine Creator gave me this plumage, after his own image, and it is sacrilege for me, in the words of the prophet Mohammed (whose beard was something to swear by), to disavow it." Basically, it is a matter of genetic capability, the very rudiment of society.

John Stewart was Several Different Persons

"The John Stuart I'm interested in," said Mrs. Joe J. (Louise) Godbey, 812 Nottingham, Richardson, Tenn., 75080, in a letter of inquiry Sep. 30, 1970, "was married in Virginia to a Sarah Fulkinson and had four children before he was scalped by the Indians in 1769 or 1770. Supposedly he was on a hunting trip with Daniel Boone when he met his death. He lived in North Carolina. There is a rather complete history of the family after they reached Arkansas in 1818. Sarah F. Stuart died in 1835 and was said to be more than a hundred years old." That, indeed, is very interesting news—and astonishing! It has been supposed that John Stuart's wife, if he were married only once, which has been debated, was Daniel Boone's sister Hannah, who, after her husband's long absence, married Richard Pennington, =B: 205. John Stewart & Hannah Boone were married [license dated Feb. 14, 1765] in Davie (at that time a part of Rowan) county, North Carolina, =G: 239. That datum is correct, as found by Lyman Draper about 1884. But you won't find it. Until the last 25 or 30 years most of the elected custodians of public records, notably in the Old South, didn't care too much if a citizen walked out of the court house with an old document or two in his coat pocket. Nobody would ever need them now in a law-suit, anyway, and, besides, who could have a better right to them than a member of the family?



Abraham Lincoln's Yankee-inspired devastation of the South left its citizenry too poor to keep up its civic progress. In Salisbury, the seat of Rowan—call it Ro-ann; not Ro'-n—county, North Carolina, they built a big, beautiful court house, and left the old stone building standing beside it for a library and meeting-place for lawyers. The deed and will record books were removed to nice offices on the main floor, but the bundles of original documents, dating back to 1753, were relegated to a room in the basement and put indiscriminately on shelves or dumped into a barrel—and that treasure-trove I was graciously allowed by a sweet-natured lady clerk to go down and explore. Oh! Baby! did you ever see a pig in a clover-patch?

As I told you some years ago, I rode on a bus westward out of Raleigh and my seat-mate turned out to be a man who owned and lived on the farm at Boone, Watauga county, where Daniel Boone and his

young sprouts were living when Col. Richard Henderson, organizer of the Transylvania [Land] Company, hired him to scout around in Kentucky, which belonged to the province of North Carolina by royal patent and which Henderson had acquired through swapping. Boone had roved into Kentucky before, and he was recommended as a man who knew how to get along with Injans. That's about the time he teamed up with John Stewart, a man of mystery (to us guys), who had been around as much as, and maybe more than, Danny Boy, for he was older, and he belonged to the Long Hunters, fellows who wandered off from civilization and sometimes were gone for a year or longer in some remote wilderness. Stewart was not anti-social: he was described as of fair complexion, flowing locks of yellow hair, and an affable disposition. How he came to take up with Daniel Boone is unexplained. The first *liaison* between the two hunters is supposed to have been in the forks of the Yadkin river in [now] Davie county, N. C., where Dan's sister Hannah (sometimes written *Annie*) and John Stewart were married in 1765. It is safe to say that the two men had been acquainted before this quick wedding, and I will suggest that it was in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, where Daniel Boone lived as a boy. There was a Thomas Stewart, born Feb. 20, 1756, living in New Britain township, Bucks county, in 1776,® whose wife was Rebecca Bryan, daughter of Josiah Bryan, =D:188, contemporary with Daniel Boone in North Carolina. The Rebecca Bryan whom Daniel Boone married (probably at the forks of the Yadkin) was living there when Boone first met her. A family story is that young Dan was out hunting in the woods one day when he imagined that he saw a gazelle peering at him through the undergrowth, and he raised his flint-lock to shoot the creature right between the eyes—and he saw her smile! It was bright-eyed Becky! Anybody who doesn't believe that yarn may go soak his head in the nearest creek.

John Stewart was one of those Gypsy-like fellows who couldn't stay put. By the time he joined Boone for the fatal foray to Rock Castle river in Kentucky in 1769 he had roamed all over Hell's Half-acre—Spanish Florida and all over the incorrect map. Boone, 19 years old when the French & Indian war broke out in 1754, was drafted to go as a wagon-driver [teamster] with the North Carolina troops and join Col. George Washington's Virginia contingent on the Shenandoah river and go with Gen. Braddock's English army to oust the French soldiery from their Fort Duquesne [Pittsburgh]. After the defeat, by sniping Indians, young Boone wouldn't go home. Instead, he found employment hauling tobacco from the Blue Ridge plantations to the port at Fredericksburg, now choked with mud. It may have been that in this knocking around

he fell in with John Stewart. It is noteworthy that Dan's father, Squire Boone, in his exodus from Pennsylvania, tarried awhile in Virginia, where there were Quaker—they said *Friends*—meetings—they wouldn't use the word *church*—on the Opequon river up in the Great Valley.

John Stewart probably came from Bucks county, Pennsylvania, as did Daniel Boone and his boyhood playmate, William Stewart, who was shot down at the Blue Lick on Licking river while boiling down spring water with Boone and son Edward to get a supply of salt. Boone was captured by the Indians and was conducted to an Indian lodge north of the Ohio river. The Indians shaved his head, bestowed upon him a fitting name and inducted him into their tribe. He pretended to like it, and abided his chance to slip away.

John Stewart, the husband of Hannah Boone, has been said by some romancers to have been "part Indian". Maybe he was—but just *maybe*. John Randolph, the Virginia statesman, used to brag that he was a descendant of the Indian princess, Pocahontas, who saved the life of Capt. John Smith (according to Smith's own Baron Muenchausen-like account) by flinging herself across his body as he lay tied down to a log, and her father, the fierce Chief Powhatan, raised his war-club to bash in the head of the impudent Englishman. It used to be considered smart for some politicians to lay claim to Indian blood in their veins, perhaps in palliation of the rash treatment of Indians by their land-greedy fathers, and my adored grandfather, on my father's side, who, as a youth in Madison county, N Y., had gleefully witnessed the public hanging of a mean Indian named Antone, who on a drunken spree with a long-bladed knife had murdered a white man in fancied revenge of the injustices perpetrated on his forefathers by scheming white men. Indians didn't "own" land as individuals, only as specific tracts were assigned annually to the squaws for the raising of maize, pumpkins, beans for succotash, and kil-likinick [tobacco] for smoking in pipes. It was beneath the dignity of a warrior to grub in the soil. His business was bringing in fish, bears, buffalo and other brutes which took skill to procure, and now and then an enemy's scalp. The squaws did what gardening was needed, stirring the soft river-bottom soil with a clam-shell tied by a dried deer-gut to a stick. My grandfather knew, for he was born and grew up on an Indian reirvation and knew a lot of Indian words, like counting up to twenty—*eena, teena, tethea, tether, fip, sala, lala, kola, deffa, dick; eena-dick, teena-dick, tether-dick- fether-dick, bumpat*—proudly, much to his daughter's, my Aunt Angeline's, chagrin, for she was about as dusky, bless her memory, as a Gypsy and when she was going to town she used to dab enough pink powder on her mug to choke a horse.

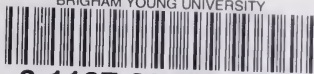
We now have *three* John Stewarts, more or less contemporary, whom ingenuous scribes have twisted into *one*—John, who came into the Yadkin river valley in Surry county, N. C., from Virginia, and may have been part-Indian, =D: 28: John, who accompanied Daniel Boone into Kentucky in 1769, suffered a broken arm when hit by a bullet from an Indian's rifle, ran and hid in a hollow tree and there bled to death; and John Stuart, a Scotchman, sent to Charleston, S. C., to treat with the Cherokee Indians, lately evicted from their eastern preserve by incoming Pennsylvanians, and to enlist their help against the forthcoming stroke by the Americans to gain their right to self-government. That John Stuart journeyed over into Kentucky with an ingratiating smile and a saddle-bag stuffed with English money, which he distributed discretely, and he was allotted an Indian woman to be his bunkmate, a gesture of down-right hospitality that is unmatched in the white man's code of gracious living and exists only in funny jokes. John Stuart had a half-breed son called Bushy Head, whose progeny *trekked* westward beyond the Mississippi river in the expulsion of the great Cherokee Indian tribe along "the Trail of Tears" in 1838, =E: 170; G: 219; I: 181.



Interpolation. After having set in type the preceding matter I walked the mile down-town, as was my wont every Friday, to pay bills, mail a few letters, buy a supply of postage stamps, do a bit of banking business, admire Olathe's burgeoning redevelopment—I first saw this Missouri-like burg in 1895 when I was 11 years old, and I love it!—eat a square meal at a restaurant and get a restful eyefull of my favorite waitress. Well, in my eagerness to get to my customary side-table I stubbed my toe and smack! I damaged my left knee and I can't walk. Friday, the 13th, indeed!

[I scrambled the type here. It was something about John Stewart's] carbine and could shoot the eye-brows off a squirrel at forty paces. He was much more widely celebrated than Daniel Boone, who was little known until story-writers began using his image for their leading character. Now, I wouldn't disparage one of my mother's relatives for the world, violent as her temper was and as unerring as was her aim with a paddle. Daniel Boone deserved all the honors that he ever got. He was cheated out of his French grant of land in Missouri because he neglected going down to New Orleans to validate his claim. John J. Audubon, the bird-watcher, visited him at his home in St. Charles county, Missouri, and was given the use of the only bed, while, snug under his blanket, the old scout lay down on the floor. When Aububon protested, Boone explained, "I spent so much of my life sleeping on the ground that I can't go to sleep in a bed."

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